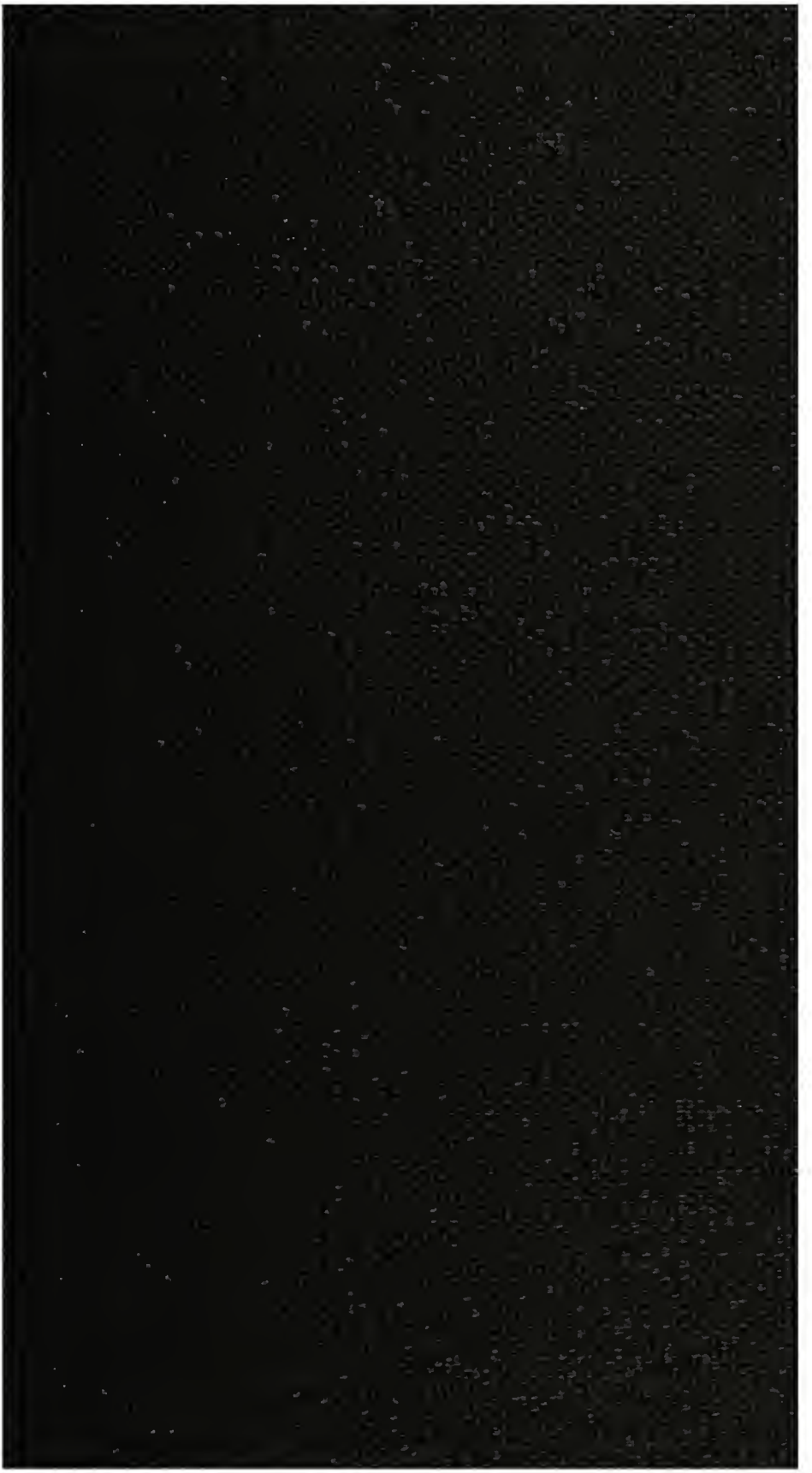

HYDE NUGENT.

A TALE

OF

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HYDE NUGENT.

CHAP. I.

A very forward March chick!—Come, come! let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

OUR readers will perhaps ask why Lady Wetherby has not been visited all this time: the fact was, she had let her house in town, for with increasing age came on increasing avarice. Besides her methodistical habits jumped so well with her parsimonious disposition, that she every day became a warmer adherent to Wesleyanism; and retiring to an obscure watering-place, she

found herself looked up to as the first person in rank amongst the straight-haired hypocrites with whom she congregated; though the self-elected ministers of the Gospel failed, with all their fawning, to elicit one shilling from her close-drawn purse. She strenuously resisted all their exhortations to "give a portion to seven, and also to eight;" and when a sermon was to be preached "in aid of the funds" for something or other, perhaps the distribution of food and clothing to some starving and ill-clad brethren, she was unfortunately ordered by her apothecary to keep within doors, and not risk her precious health by an exposure to the outward fresh air, which she must encounter in her passage from home to the densely-peopled place of worship. She was, however, once known to subscribe half a sovereign towards the building of a chapel for the Rev. Gideon Nasal, whom she patronised, and people said, would marry. This latter was scandal, however. But enough of her; we leave her to the care of these

mock pious enthusiasts, and that of some poor relations, who seemed, by their close attendance upon this toothless old person, to have it in contemplation that none of the Nugent family should ever enjoy her riches.

The day after the party at Lady Malmesbridge's, Hyde met Adonis Millefleurs by appointment in the Park, and if the truth must be confessed, felt rather shy of his old schoolfellow, from the character Lady Elizabeth had given of him. As they rode together, Nugent had a good opportunity of observing, with sorrow, what a totally changed person he had become since their first acquaintance. The fine open-hearted boy had grown into the debauched, dissolute youth; a man of fashion in one sense, but of that species which is styled ruffian; a well-dressed and well-mounted, slanging, coach-driving, extravagant fellow, and a dragoon to boot; one who attended boxing matches and cock-fights; who at the Fives Court or at Moulsey Hurst wore a "queer castor," and

a white coat with bone buttons, &c. &c. and yet one who could be *so* gentlemanlike when he pleased; but unfortunately he seldom did please. Old times were talked over, and an hour passed away agreeably enough; for Millefleurs knew every body's private history, true or false. His remarks and his anecdotes, although delivered in a slangish way, and interlarded with sundry oaths and peculiar expressions, served to amuse young Nugent, ignorant as he was of, and careless as to the truth or falsehood of his companion's assertions.

They were near some trees on the bank of the Serpentine, when they were met by a burly-looking personage, mounted on a tall bay horse. He was a blue-frock-coated, brass-heel-spurred man, with an unmeaning puffy face, small, ill-shaped nose, and large red whiskers, which seemed essaying to pry into his mouth, in shape something like that of a toad; though apprehensive of a defeat from a pair of fierce sandy mustaches, which had established themselves on his

upper lip; and proud of their elevation, bade defiance to all intruders, and the attacks of soap and water.

> His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
> Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
> But in close fight a champion grim.

The baron, however, (for such he was) had sung *Adieu la guerre!* for some years ostensibly, though people hinted that he had but changed his sword for a club, and had still virtually some spice of the devil in him, secretly taking part with the Greeks; and it was also alleged that his pistols were in excellent preservation, and his hand and eye in as good practice as ever, for that he made the ace of diamonds a *carte-blanche* every Monday morning, by knocking all the red out of it at twelve paces.

Millefleurs introduced him to our hero as Baron Hoesht, a Hanoverian hussar officer on the half-pay—the latter circumstance was not men-

tioned, however, till they had separated. Hyde thought, after the introduction had been made, that he perceived a sort of intelligence between the two others; but as the sun was shining in the eyes of Adonis, it might be that which made him wink, and the idea passed from his mind: the baron rode on his way, and Hyde and Millefleurs proceeded on theirs. The latter gave his companion a short and favourable account of the German, though it happened to have the slight disadvantage of not being true.

"A good fellow that Hoesht, Nugent," said Adonis: "a d——d good fellow; in fact, a perfect trump. He's a man of one of the first families in Hanover, and has lots of money; but that's of course, or *I* should not patronize him, neither would he be received, as he is, into all the first houses in town."

"I did not see him at Lady Arlbury's or Lady Malmesbridge's," observed Hyde.

"Very likely; but he was probably at the

Duke of D * * * 's or Prince P * * * 's on those evenings," replied Millefleurs.

" They were at both the houses I have mentioned," said Nugent.

" Phoo!" returned Millefleurs, impatiently, " he might have been at a dozen places. You need not be so particular; I tell you he's intimate with most of the first people about town. Depend upon it, you'll find him a devilish good sort of fellow. He is a knight of Maria Theresa, and St. Vladimir, and a T. S. and K. C. and half-a-dozen other orders; only he's such a confoundedly modest fellow, that he won't wear them."

" A pity, that!" observed Nugent.

" Ah! I see you don't give him credit for it; but you'll be better acquainted one of these days. By gad! sir, Hoesht is perhaps the best judge of wine in or out of England; so much so, that a wine merchant, having his opinion on a particular pipe of madeira, or batch of claret, makes more of it than any other man would of

three times the quantity; and as for his own cellars, he'll give you much better champagne than you got last night; that's the reason I introduced you to him. We'll stir him up, and make him hand out some of number two bin. He shall give us a feed, eh, old boy?"

"Thank you, my good fellow," replied Nugent, "but I don't choose to go to the baron's for it. Besides, I think, though I do not certainly profess to be a judge particularly, that the wine at Lord Malmesbridge's could not have been better."

"Not worth a damn, depend upon it."

"Well, will you try what sort a sparkle there is in that at Cavendish-square to-morrow? or perhaps you may prefer the still; my father will be most happy to see you, I am sure."

"You are very good, not to-morrow; but I'll patronise you some day, and see what you're made of. I say, Nugent, does the old 'un bleed freely, eh? Lots of money, eh?"

This was accompanied by a most knowing

grimace, which with the loss of the tooth, the "rum" hat stuck on one side, and the geranium leaf in one corner of his mouth, gave the handsome Adonis such a sharper look, that this, and the coarse way in which he had spoken of Mr. Nugent, quite disgusted Hyde, and he anxiously wished for a break in the conversation to break away from his now disagreeable companion, heartily repenting that he had committed himself by asking him to dinner. But Adonis recommenced: "Nice little three-year-old, that Georgy Capel; not so little, neither, but she has a number of good points," which he here enumerated; but as the ladies would not be much edified, we decline inserting them. Sporting men generally speak of women as they do of horses; but, however, the fair are not a bit the wiser, and we do not wish to open their eyes, for

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis *folly* to be wise.

Hyde let him run on; in fact, he could not have stopped him without raising a suspicion of the regard with which he looked upon Georgina.

"Charlotte Plantagenet and Georgina Capel might run in a curricle; d—d good match. Confounded great doll that other Miss Plantagenet though. By the bye, she was abusing you terribly last night. What the devil have you been doing to her, Nugent?"

"Me? abuse me? I never gave her any reason. Whom was she talking to at the time?" said Nugent.

"That fool Opal," returned Millefleurs, "and Captain Bridgewater, who took your part like a brave fellow."

"I thank him for it," said Hyde.

"But I frightened Opal out of two days' growth, at least. I told him you killed two men at Oxford last week, and that you'd parade *him* as soon as I told you what he said," continued Millefleurs.

Hyde laughed. "I always thought Opal the greatest ass that ever was," said he, "and a precious tyrannical bully to all the fellows who were younger than himself, amongst whom I may class myself. I think I should cut him, in fact, if we were to meet."

"Cut him?" exclaimed Adonis: "that would be making him of far too much importance. No, no; laugh at him, bully him, it's your turn now; quiz him, cut him up, if you cut at all; make him your butt—when you have no better, that is."

"What do you think of Lady Elizabeth Capel?" said Hyde.

"What do *you* think of Lady Georgina?" said the provoking Millefleurs: "you were rather sweet there last night, I think, Master Nugent, for I saw you, though I wasn't quite aware it was you at the time, not knowing you were in town, though I had heard of your flooring that fellow at Oxford. Ill news

flies fast, they say; but d——me, I think it was confounded good news, for you at least. Ay, ay, *I* saw your flirtation in that ante-room, amongst those umbrageous geraniums, and things. Why, man! what makes you colour so? Take my advice, and have as little to do with those Capels as possible: they appear so very friendly and condescending, and all that sort of thing, to every new face, that they'll end by giving you the cut direct some day. That very Miss Georgy is the greatest flirt that ever was."

Hyde felt choleric.

"She has led one or two men on to almost propose for her, and then laughed at them. She wanted to hook me, but I declared off," continued Adonis.

"Liar!" was on the tip of our hero's tongue, but he checked the rising storm, and let his companion proceed.

"*My* friend Wyndham Herbert was, and is a

great admirer of hers; but her holy mother has lately found out something about an affair of his with the *danseuse* at the Opera. D——me, it didn't require a person to be very clear-sighted either to see that, for he used to drive her about in his phaeton every day; but like an ass, he dropped the affair when the marchioness gave him a hint about it. More fool he! I sported her the very next day on my barouche box in the Park, and banged past the Malmesbridge's carriage at a devil of a size. Ha, ha, ha! d——d good, wasn't it?"

Hyde, however, did not enter into the joke: he was teased and provoked beyond measure, and yet could not show his displeasure from the fear of ridicule. He also wished to get away from Adonis; he was *ennuyé* and *gêné*; and striking the spurs into his horse, he was about to start off, and take an unceremonious leave of Millefleurs, when the latter exclaimed, "Here they are, by gad! Let's get out of the way. Confounded bore talking to women,

and we shall have to say something about the party."

He put his horse into a canter, not perceiving a sort of disagreement between Hyde and his steed, which latter resenting the undeserved spurring his rider had given him, refused to stir from the spot.

The fiery animal made two or three bounds in air, all four legs off the ground at once; and then, with the most inveterate sulkiness, reared and plunged for about five minutes, without moving as many yards.

Adonis saw, and stopped.

Lady Malmesbridge's carriage, an open one, soon came up with them, and her coachman was ordered to wait, and let the footmen give assistance to Mr. Nugent. Several other carriages also stopped, the fair inmates of which were dreadfully alarmed for the fate of the handsome and distinguished looking Nugent, screaming out, "He'll be killed! He'll be killed! Oh, will nobody assist him?" Some

gentlemen rode up, but Hyde waved them off, and sat his horse so well, so beautifully, that the dear sympathising creatures of women began to feel their fears turned into admiration, and at length our hero completely succeeded in quieting the noble but vicious animal. He had indeed displayed the very essence of equitation; but unfortunately for him, Lady Georgina, who was in the carriage with her mother and sister, saw him not; she had from the first sat back and averted her face, keeping her hand before her eyes, that she might not behold his destruction. Pale as death, and not daring to trust her voice with a sound, she at length looked up, as hearing several exclamations of praise from the surrounding gentlemen, she hoped Hyde was safe. The other carriages and dandies crowded out through Grosvenor-gate, where there was a prodigious rush, dust, and rattle; and our hero came up to the side of Lady Malmesbridge's barouche-landau, shook hands with the marchioness, and received di-

vers congratulations upon what she termed his escape.

Hyde thanked her, and declared it was his own fault, for that he had unnecessarily chastised the horse, which had caused this show-off.

"Fortunate that it did not end in a *throw* off!" added he, laughing.

"Oh! you ride so well, Mr. Nugent!" said the marchioness; "but that seems a dreadfully ill-tempered horse."

"Rather. But I am glad to see your ladyship looking so well after the fatigues you must have gone through last night. I assure you, your brilliant *fête* has caused *une grande sensation*:" he might have added "in my own heart."

The marchioness bowed and smiled: "I should certainly," said she, "send all my sons to Oxford, had I my own will. Lord Malmesbridge prefers Cambridge; why, I know not, for he was never there; but really you say the

most civil things, Mr. Nugent, I ever heard. What college were you at? Christ-church?"

The whole party laughed, and Lady Malmesbridge ordered "home," cutting short all further parley. Hyde had, however, caught Lady Georgina's eye, though they had not spoken to each other, and one glance said volumes.

"I am not then an object of indifference to her," thought he, as the carriage drove off.

In the mean time, Adonis had been trying to make out a confab with Lady Elizabeth on the other side; but she gave him so very little encouragement, and made such a stiff bow, that he exclaimed, as the brilliant equipage dashed off for Malmesbridge House,—"What the devil's the matter with that girl, I wonder. Did you see that, Nugent? By gad! I'll be even with her though, before long."

"See what?" said Hyde.

"Oh! nothing. Only I'd advise you to get rid of that beast, or he'll break your neck yet."

"He's not my horse," replied young Nugent;

"but I dare say my father will let you have him cheap, if you wish for a show-off."

"Curse the brute, not I. I would not have such a varmint devil, if you'd make me a present of him."

"Well, good morning!" said Hyde, upon the go.

"Stop, Nugent. I say, are you engaged this evening? Come and dine with me at the Albany if you are not, and after taking a quiet bottle of claret, we'll look in at * * * 's in St. James's-street: or stop, not to-night,—to-morrow."

"Who's * * *?" asked Hyde.

"Don't you know * * * 's, the noted hell?"

Hyde shook his head. "Why, to-morrow is Sunday," said he.

"Well," returned Adonis, "is not Sunday as good a day to go to hell on as any other?" And he laughed at his wretched wit. "But," continued he, "I forgot, or rather I did not know it would be Sunday, for all days are alike to me; but we'll go on Monday."

"Not Monday, Sunday, or any other day," replied our hero: "you recollect what old Maro tells us, '*Facilis descensus*, &c. &c. &c.' you know the rest, and while I am on the outside of the gates of Tartarus, I'll take devilish good care to keep there."

"Pshaw! Are you so new? Why, my dear fellow, no man can be in good society in town without looking occasionally in at a place of the sort. D—n it, you *must* do it in self-defence; you meet the best fellows in England there. There's no occasion for you to play; but do as you like: don't go there because I ask you; don't go there on *my* account; I only wanted to show you a little life. I am very seldom at the kind of thing myself, except now and then, to see who's there. I scarcely ever play when I do go."

This was not true. He was in a gaming house nearly every night of his life, as his own pockets, and his father's banker could tell. Not that the latter had lately had much opportunity

of judging though, by the bye, for Lord Rochdale had given an order that no more of his son's drafts should be honoured; and if he had adopted this course a little sooner, perhaps Adonis might have been saved from the lamentable destruction he was daily plunging deeper and deeper into.

CHAP. II.

———— And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp.

COWPER.

HYDE was gratified, on his return to Cavendish-square, at finding Frederic Burgoyne arrived. He had, he said, brought his own answer to the letter of his friend, and he smiled as he gave young Nugent a look of much meaning, who almost feared the principal contents of his letter would be hinted at; but Burgoyne only remarked that he had taken Hyde's advice of replying to the epistle *in prop. per.* and would

accept Mr. Nugent's hospitable offer of a room in his house, till he should fix upon lodgings; as he neither liked the solitude of Lord Cirencester's large town-house, nor had he any *penchant* for the noisy and perpetual bustle of an hotel.

There was perhaps another cause for his projected sojourn at the Nugents, namely, the female society it promised to afford. We have before stated, that, as a boy, he had spent some time at their place in the country; latterly, however, his roving and unsettled habits, with the scholastic pursuits he had been engaged in, had nearly estranged him from all the members of the family, except Hyde. Louisa he had not met since she was a mere girl, though at that time she gave promise of great beauty. But it is impossible to form a correct judgment of what a girl will be after the lapse of a few years, from the age of ten or twelve. Louisa was at this interesting time of life when Burgoyne last saw her, and the feeling he experi-

enced upon beholding her now ripened into the blooming woman of twenty, was that of the most intellectual delight. Indeed we know of none more highly gratifying to an observant mind than this:—where wit and beauty both shine forth in the same individual, the admired object of your scrutiny; whose charms, increased, and, as it were, blended and modulated into harmony by the added knowledge and sense six or eight years have infused, show themselves in her every feature, and stand confessed in her whole person, an evidence of the wonderful efforts nature has made to bring her work to perfection. At this ripened age what beauties are there not expanded, what pleasing traits do we not perceive in those features which were before scarcely developed from the confused inexpression of childhood!

Such were the feelings of Burgoyne, as, dressed for dinner, he entered the drawing-room, and for the first time during eight years, beheld his former acquaintance, Louisa Nugent,

the black-eyed, raven-haired, playful girl, burst, like the bud of the rose, into all the sunny brightness of blooming, lovely woman. Nor had the late dissipation of routs and operas robbed her cheeks of their wonted colour, which you might see come and go with all the purity of freshest nature; and suited to their colour was the soft peach down, just perceptible as the light fell at a certain angle on her beautiful face. Her carmine lips and pearly teeth admirably set off her Grecian cast of countenance; and the sparkling eyes, glancing from under their long silken fringes, accorded well with the darkness of a profusion of glossy hair, which clustered over a forehead that might have served as the model for a statuary.

Louisa, though she had, since her separation from Augusta St. Quentin, lost something of her gaiety, still possessed that liveliness of disposition, that elasticity of spirit, that winning playfulness of manner, which, when free from affectation, forms the great charm of whatever

society the happy possessor may be thrown into.

Such as we have described her, however short of her real charms of person and mind our picture may fall, we submit that Miss Nugent was a lady, with whom to find fault must argue a degree of fastidiousness, which we profess our inability to combat. Our sketch is taken from nature; may the original, lovely as she is virtuous, long enjoy the happiness she so well merits!

As it was Saturday, the opera was the order of the night. The ladies, therefore, appeared at dinner in somewhat a *médiocre* costume, by which we do not mean either ugly or shabby, but something between their morning and evening dress. Henri had been called in; and although some difference of opinion was manifested between him and Louisa's maid, as to whether the hair should be arranged *en boucles de Paradis*, which the latter knew nothing about, at least by that name, or *à la coiffure de*

Marie Antoinette, Louisa left the accomplished artist to pursue what plan he chose, forbidding the interference of her maid.

Burgoyne was one of those men who never fall in love, so he was in no danger. He liked the society of women, but he laughed at the absurdity of love at first sight. The meeting between him and Hyde we pass over. The latter had attended in the dressing-room of his friend during most of the toilette; and devouring all the Oxford intelligence that Burgoyne had been able to gather, forgot that dinner would probably have to await his "transfer of stock." Frederic, therefore, descended alone, and was received by the rest of the family in a manner not less cordial than usual at Nugent Hall.

It was impossible, however, with all his stoicism, to help feeling the sensation we have before described, as the idea struck him of the very great improvement in Louisa's appearance.

Dinner passed off pleasantly; how could it

fail to do so, with such an addition to the party as Frederic Burgoyne? Spirited, easy, and brilliant in his conversation, he furnished and discussed topics equally pleasing to all. A fine mellow voice, an infinity of words at command, well chosen and well put together, and a consequent elegant rounding of his periods without the slightest pedantry, constituted him a most highly fascinating speaker; and his very finished manners and high breeding gave Burgoyne that distinguished air which we have before said belongs only to an English gentleman. Of course such a beau was not to be dispensed with at the opera, nor did Frederic feel any effects from his journey which could at all warrant his pleading an excuse, even had he been inclined so to do. It was agreed, therefore, that he should accompany the party, more particularly as he would otherwise be left to himself for the evening, as Mr. Nugent was obliged to be at old Lady Craven's early, to

fulfil a whist engagement he had in an evil hour committed himself by making.

When the ladies had retired from the dining-room, Hyde took an opportunity of asking his father a few particulars relative to Adonis Millefleurs, whom he mentioned as having met at Lady Malmesbridge's, and ridden with in the Park.

"He appears to be not a little changed, sir," said Hyde, "since we first knew each other."

"You are right," replied his father; "young Millefleurs is no more the same fine-dispositioned boy he was at Westminster; and in fact, *entre nous*, Hyde, the less you have to say to him the better. I do not mean that you should entirely forswear his acquaintance, but merely wish to put you on your guard; for though you may meet him at Lady Malmesbridge's, and probably at a number of the first houses, which from his family and connexions can scarcely be otherwise, still many stories

are flying about by no means creditable to the young gentleman, and I should say he was not the best companion in the world for a young man in town. Do you know him, Mr. Burgoyne ?"

Burgoyne shook his head.

" You have, I assure you, no loss. The fact is, he plays, and highly,—a thing I am sorry to say is creeping, nay, has crept into every society to a dreadful degree ; one of the good consequences of our connexion with the continent! The number of fine young men who have been absolutely ruined, and of noble estates and fortunes that have changed owners since the peace, is incalculable. I don't think a war by any means a desirable thing for this country, nor is there, in fact, the slightest chance of one, I trust, for years. Yet as far as morals and religion go, the closer young Englishmen, ay, and women too, are kept within their own island, the better it is decidedly both for themselves and their country."

"But you have been a good deal abroad, sir," said Hyde.

"Allow me to beg your pardon;—not a good deal; or if I have, it has only tended to open my eyes to the disadvantages inseparable from a continental life to a young Englishman, and I believe my horror of gaming arose from the scenes I witnessed abroad. I let you take your few months tour, it is true; but I knew you were under the guidance of one who had seen enough of the continent, and had continued unvitiated by it, to constitute him a most desirable Mentor."

Burgoyne bowed, and protested, smiling, that Mr. Nugent did him too much honour.

"But to resume," said the latter; "Millefleurs, I have said, plays very high; and as his father and he have ceased to communicate, as well on pecuniary as other subjects, it appears doubtful where he gets his money, or whether it is honestly obtained; if honourably at the gaming-table, he must have a prodigious run

of luck. Then he dashes away with four-in-hand, keeps more horses than he has any occasion for, gives expensive dinners, contracts large debts,—and in fact it is all bad, bad. I believe he was unfortunate in getting so very early into an expensive regiment; for his father being abroad at the time, he had no good advisers; and being known to have money at command, one or two men amongst the officers got him into their particular set; and particularly one captain, who shall be nameless, gained such an ascendency over the boy, that it appeared quite like a magic influence. This I have been told by an officer who has lately quitted the regiment. Drinking and gambling to a fearful degree became the favourite occupations of young Millefleurs, whereby he lost his health and his money. In short, he launched into every kind of dissipation, all unknown to his father; though Lord Rochdale was astounded at the immense sums he

drew for; but quietly reflecting that 'the ——th was an expensive regiment, *et il faut faire comme les autres*,' he allowed the sort of thing to run on for some time; till at length one sweeping draft was presented for acceptance at the banker's, and refused to be paid till a communication had been made to Lord Rochdale on the subject. The draft was eventually honoured, but it was the last that was so. The before-mentioned captain was the cause of this. Millefleurs's health had obliged him to come up to town for advice, and here he met with his old bane, who cheated him out of some thousands; in return for which, he put young Millefleurs *up*, as I believe it is called, that is, taught him to steal the money of his friend under the semblance of fair play. Fraud in the above instance could not be proved; and as the captain immediately left England, and also his regiment, the thing was dropped. Millefleurs is now, it is generally believed, taking advan-

tage of the lessons his honourable friend bestowed upon him. Mr. Burgoyne, help yourself to some more claret. No more? Hyde? Well then, we will join the ladies, who must be by this time ready for the opera, I should think. But I hope, Hyde, I have told you enough of your former school-fellow to prevent your having a great deal to say to him, especially on money transactions."

"Quite enough, sir, quite enough."

"Hyde," said Burgoyne, as he ascended the stairs, "the opera will require another neck-cloth: I am afraid you were hurried with your tie before dinner, for it scarcely looks the correct thing."

Hyde flew up stairs, assumed another starcher, in the tie of which he was peculiarly happy; and putting a chain or two round his neck, (for he was rather inclined to be exquisite) he re-appeared in opera costume.

Mrs. Nugent and Louisa were already in the drawing-room, with their gloves and fans lying

upon the table, upon which also coffee was placed.

Burgoyne talked and laughed with Louisa, Hyde re-arranged his locks, and completed the adjustment of his neckcloth, to which he rather did harm than otherwise, before a splendid looking-glass, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and Mrs. Nugent wondered why they did not come with the carriage. "Pray ring, my dear Nugent; they are always so late!" said the lady of the house, at intervals sipping her coffee, while her diamond ear-rings dangled and glittered, as she moved her head, like aspen leaves in the sun and breeze.

Fears were expressed by Mrs. Nugent, as she stepped into the carriage, that they were very late, savouring much, it must be allowed, of having vegetated some time in the country. Her coachman, however, seemed determined that his fault of unpunctuality (a fashionable one after all) should have due reparation by the furious rate at which he drove from Cavendish-

square to the Opera House. To emerge from the gloom of the former place into the blaze of gas-lighted Oxford-street, was the work of a moment, and the distance from thence to the place of destination was accomplished with proportionate speed.

We pass over the brilliant sallies, the *mille petits riens,* so well executed by Burgoyne, as he entertained Mrs. and Miss Nugent with his remarks and conversation; for he seemed to know numbers of people in the house, and was an adept, when it pleased him, in that species of talk known by the appellation of small; though this even, with Burgoyne, was on a larger scale than with most other people; for to say the truth, if you analyse a fashionable dialogue between two people of very, very supreme *ton,* you will scarcely discover two grains of sense in one hundred weight of conversation, avoirdupois—heavy enough, generally. By the bye, we have mixed the weights; *n' importe.*

We pass over all this, as also the *agrémens* of the communion between Hyde and Lady Georgina, for our hero had, soon after his arrival, visited Lady Malmesbridge's box; that is, we shall not recapitulate their conversation. We pass over the malign sneers of Herbert, who with Adonis Millefleurs was to be seen in Fop's Alley, his oiled and curly head showing to much advantage, as also his well displayed white teeth, and his stiff-starched, properly creased, and exquisitely tied neckcloth, which had consumed some ten minutes to accomplish, after a host of failures. By the bye, he used to send his cravats to Shrewsbury to be isinglassed, for there was only one *artiste* in England who understood the sort of thing, he said. Who is it that recommends you, if you wish your dinner-party to pass off pleasantly, to ask only people with very fine teeth, for they will be sure to laugh and smile at every thing that is said, good, bad, or indifferent? I believe it is the author of Six Weeks at Long's, but I for-

get. Herbert had certainly a beautiful set, and he probably thought there was no better place in which to show them to advantage than Lady Malmesbridge's box, though that sort of place is rather sombre; howbeit he there appeared just at the close of a very interesting *tête-à-tête* between Hyde and Lady Georgina; and having with unparalleled assurance pushed himself forward so as to gain a commanding position, he began to chatter stuff to *la belle*, as he chose to call Georgina, when no other woman could hear him. He however received very little encouragement from *la belle*, who was not only much annoyed at the disturbance she had experienced at his hands, while engaged in a very delightful *entretien* with a much pleasanter person, but was also out of patience at the constant assiduity with which he plied his unwearied attentions.

Lady Malmesbridge had been too much occupied with *faisant l'agréable* to the Duke of Ferrara to observe what was going forward, and Lady Elizabeth was taken up with Lord

Iford, her cousin, *et voilà une charmante petite réunion* till the odious Herbert came in to mar it all.

But why have we passed over all these things? we forget; but, pardon us, indulgent readers,—we will proceed in our tale without allowing ourselves to be interrupted; so locking the door of our library to prevent the admission of more intruders,—those tiresome beings, with whom, while they put one's ideas to flight, we are obliged to *seem*, at least, in a good humour,—we resume the thread of our narrative.

Nugent, very certain that his rival for the smiles and audience of Lady Georgina would not be a successful one, ceded him the field, and returned to his mother's box in perfect good humour with all the world; ay, even with Wyndham Herbert, who had just arrived in time to prevent the conversation between our hero and Georgina from assuming the air of a flirtation. Besides, that between the marchioness and the duke was beginning to flag,

and Lord Iford's stock of agreeable ideas was nearly exhausted; and the attention of non-talkers who have already said their say, is, we know, invariably turned towards those who are still pleasingly keeping up the ball, which is, however, very likely to fall to the ground as soon as the parties observe that they have drawn the attention of others, except, indeed, where this has been the sole object of their being brilliant.

There were several young men in Mrs. Nugent's box, all buzzing about the beautiful Louisa, who was in fact quite the rage, from the charms of her wit, her person, and last, not least in the estimation of some, twenty thousand pounds; which, though *pas grande chose*, is not to be despised where perhaps it will save the mortgage of an estate, or pay some importunate creditors, who *will not* wait; or a troublesome mistress, or a play debt, which *must* be paid *sur le champ*,—or all of these.

Amongst this posse, the only one perhaps who had not interested views was Captain Bridgewater, to whom Burgoyne had left his place, perceiving Count Hautefleur in Lady Leith's box, with both of whom, as well as the beautiful Lady G***, *qui s'y trouvoit aussi,* he was intimately acquainted. These were not at all in the same set as the Nugents or the Malmesbridges, and our hero was therefore unknown to them. The charms of Lady G***, though confessedly great, and indeed a good deal in the style of Georgina Capel's, were not admired by Hyde Nugent in the proportion they deserved, and surely would have been, had not his heart been so filled with one sole idol, that there was no room for the admission of any other divinity.

But Pasta's soul-touching notes now thrilled upon the ear in sweetest volumes of melody, and the "busy flutterers" were for the moment hushed. Yet what effect had this music upon the senses of Hyde? None, save to wrap them

closer in the folds of love, or to bring back his memory to his late short, but happy conversation with Lady Georgina; and then even Pasta's strains failed to divert him from the fit of abstraction into which he was plunged, and from which, during the whole evening, he never extricated himself. Perhaps he wished it not: he was happy in his gloom; for amidst the music of the opera he heard but Georgina's voice, in the brilliancy of the scene he saw but her bright form. Such is the effect of love's illusion! Ah! many and many a sweet communion of hearts has taken place at an opera, too often designated by the frivolous term of a flirtation. You may sneer, cynic, but is it, in sober sadness, a fitting appellation for that pledge of faith and true love, where "all of theirs upon that die is thrown," where so much more is meant than meets the ear, where a stolen glance speaks volumes, and a gentle pressure of the hand says more than libraries,

unknown, unnoticed, save by her, the beautiful, the heart's treasure, and by her returned?

Happy, happy Hyde! this was thy fate on that auspicious evening. And Georgina, was she less happy? We hope not. A deep sigh escaped her, as with a heaving heart she turned from the *miseries* of Herbert's chatter, and the silly nothings of the young noblemen and others who occasionally dropped in, and tried to give her attention to the performance; but Hyde's was the only form her mind could dwell on. The music passed unheeded through her ears; the acting and the dancing were a disregarded pageant before her eyes. She was roused from this reverie by the marchioness, who, touching her with her fan, asked if she did not hear her cousin speaking to her. Georgina answered Lord Iford, and spoke for a few minutes; but her conversation was so very languid and incoherent, that his lordship soon betook

himself to another part of the house, to look at and admire a certain young lady who was, in his estimation, "by far the prettiest woman there." This was no other than Louisa Nugent, with whom, however, he was not acquainted.

"D——lish fine creature, is she not, Iford?" said the conceited Foley Ogle: "has she any money?"

Lord Iford professed his ignorance on the latter head, though he assented to the first observation of this *se-croyant* "observed of all observers."

"Twenty thousand only," said Lord William Capel, who was near them.

The Sublime Porte turned up his nose. "A mere watering-place fortune! and I suppose *in nubibus?*" said he.

"Pardon me; in the funds," said Lord William, "as I have been informed."

"Your authority?"

"Herbert, of the Guards."

"Oh, then it may be twice as much; for he

always lowers the price of stocks if he has any idea of buying in."

"He has no idea there, I fancy," replied Lord William, "and but little chance of being dealt with on 'Change if he had, while that Bridgewater sticks so close."

"Bridgewater has not been there five minutes," said Foley Ogle: "depend upon it, you are wrong in your conclusions. There was another fellow; ay, there he is, turning Bridgewater out again: d——d handsome fellow! that dark and florid style with good teeth, the sort of beauty women like. It's quite the correct thing, now, that dark style!" added he, running his white fingers through his own coal-black hair, with infinite complacency.

"There certainly is a great contrast between Bridgewater, or Herbert even, and this new man. Who the devil is he I wonder? But I don't think either of them is the right man," said Lord William. "What do you think, Iford?"

Iford said, "Hum!" and turned away.

"Devilish communicative to-night!" said Lord William.

"Well, now, I really think he's in love with her himself," observed the sapient Mr. Ogle.

And while we think of it, we may as well give the reader an idea of the Sublime Porte, as he is generally called; though, whether from his always boring you with his travels in Turkey, or from his erect carriage, or from what cause he has acquired this cognomen, we cannot safely undertake to pronounce.

La Bruyere, that quaint old cynic, describes a set of men of his day, as *gens qui s'engagent dans de longs voyages, qui vont pour voir, et qui ne voient pas, ou qui oublient ce qu'ils ont vu; qui sortent de leur patrie pour y retourner, qui aiment à être absents, et qui veulent un jour être revenus de loin.* Now, the latter part of this especially applies to Foley Ogle, who had in fact travelled because other

men travelled; and as he was all for effect, he calculated, when he set out, upon its giving him an air of additional consequence, *à être un jour revenu de loin*. And if he forgot what he had seen, he certainly did not forget to tell of what he had not seen. But few of the unfortunate people he inflicted his eastern tour upon had travelled that road,—we may say none; for he always worked upon sure grounds; and having Anacharsis at his fingers' ends, if he could get hold of a stay-at-home duke, or an untravelled nobleman of any age, disposition, or capacity—for he held to the aristocracy—he dosed him with Greece and Turkey, till the hapless patrician was surfeited. France, Germany, and Italy, he left to the descriptive powers of his tutor, who had indeed been latterly termed his reverend Achates; for the elegant Foley had only enlisted Mr. Bennett under his banners, because he had been the preceptor of the young Marquis of Fermanagh, a wild Irishman, who gave Ogle so high a character of his

accommodating disposition and latitudinarian principles, that, left early without a father, in possession of an independent, though not a large income, the young *voyageur* decided upon his being a very proper person to have charge of him, though, as may be supposed, the pupil always had the upper hand, and consequently his own way in every thing. These in fact were the conditions of their remaining together; and Mr. Bennett had so well improved his time, and had become so necessary an appendage to Foley Ogle, that during a course of five or six years' travel on the continent, they had remained the closest friends. Bennett was now "doing good," for he expected the presentation of a living from the Bishop of S***, and did not appear at the opera. It was whispered, however, that he had kept a seraglio at Constantinople; but this we hope was scandal merely, and not truth. Ogle, indeed, felt the want of him prodigiously; for whenever, by chance, he got out of Turkey, he was sure to lose himself, so much

had he been in the habit of lying about that to-Englishmen-comparatively-unexplored country; and as Bennett was a man who could leap from Sigæum to the Vatican, or from the Parthenon to the Coliseum, the Simplon, Turin, Mont Cenis, &c. &c. with the greatest ease, Ogle always depended upon his exertions for getting him out of the scrape. But this eastern rage was wearing off: Ogle had been a year in England; and as he had put beyond a doubt the site of Troy, and the birth-place of Homer, and also had decided that there was a very slight shade of difference between the Roman Catholic and the Mahometan religions, he thought he had sufficiently done his duty to his countrymen in this respect, and the Turcomania was insensibly dying away. Besides, he was now an M. P.; for the Duke of Bolingbrook had caused him to be returned for the borough of Swanpool, and he had been lately seized with a violent fit of patriotism. But we have already given too large a space to Mr. Foley Ogle, more especi-

ally as he has not much to do in the drama before us. We shall only add a few lines upon his dress and person, with one or two peculiarities, which, in addition to those already described, cannot fail, we think, to make him fully recognized by his friends.

Foley Ogle was a man, then, about five and twenty, one neither "out of suits with fortune" nor himself. Conceited, vain, and superficial, he had still a good choice of words, and could chatter for hours that sort of amusing, unanalytical discourse, which, if you could keep him from the east, was the delight of a certain set of modish women. His manners were graceful and easy; his dress the extreme of fashion; and his figure good, that is genteel, for he had no legs; at least, the pair of stakes, which, for the sake of displaying a remarkably neat ancle and small foot, he sported upon all occasions, could scarcely be termed such. He seldom wore boots; but when it was his pleasure so to do, a pair of purple French kid gloves were presented to him

by Jasmin his valet, as regularly as his boot-hooks, and never used a second time. His neck-cloth and shoe-strings were always ironed on; and to complete him, he had a waistcoat for every day, and a coat for every week in the year, though in fact each was changed three times a day. By the bye, we forgot his face, which was not ugly, though it certainly could never be reckoned handsome: it was, however, so disguised with an immense pair of black whiskers and an imperial, that, with the quantity of hair which hung wildly in damp weather (the curl being out) in clusters about his temples and forehead, you could scarcely tell whether it was man or ape before you. Young Nugent named him, in fact, "the monkey who had seen the world."

"Poor Dacres!" said Ogle to Lord William, when Iford left them; "did you hear he was gone at last?"

"What, floored?"

"Yes, he's fairly run into. I thought he

couldn't recover. I said to myself, That's your last leap, Dacres! I never saw such a tremendous fall; horse and all! I was close behind, and went smack over him. Devilish lucky for me I cleared him! My horse's all fours must have shone pretty close to his face as he lay on the gripe of the ditch, gasping for a breath of fresh air. How capitally the scent did lie that day, to be sure! We had a most glorious run. It was the last day we were out. Nice pack they are, to be sure, and devilish well hunted. How is it you don't sport your figure down amongst us in Leicestershire?"

"Because I can't sport my stud, Ogle; a devilish good reason! But I say, the Dacres will be worth having, now that Sir Perceval has walked off," said Lord William.

Ogle took snuff. "Hum, yes. But you ought to know more about that than me," said he, "for Iford tells me she is to be at Blore, with the duke and duchess, this summer."

"So I hear;" replied Lord William, smiling: "*et Monsieur, s'y viendra-t-il aussi?*"

"*Cela dépend,*" replied Ogle: "to be sure that *was* a confounded awkward fall of her brother's, but why didn't they try the warm bath? I recollect getting a d—l of a fall once in Constantinople, or rather close to Pera, and ——"

"Oh! my dear fellow," exclaimed Lord William, holding up his hand, "if you get to Constantinople, I have done. I must leave you. Good night! I see my mother's making a move."

The *ballet* was cut short from its being Saturday night; in fact half the people did not stay for it. There was no house, and numbers had come early to the opera. The boxes emptied themselves, by degrees, of their rank, beauty, and fashion into the round-room, the most uncomfortable place that ever was invented, with a perfect *tourbillon* in it, and at either door, a decided tempest, rendering it, even

during the month of April, in this uncertain climate, a post of such danger, that we have been often astonished at the undaunted courage of its fair tenants who so perseveringly maintain their position, while waiting for their carriages to be announced. The Malmesbridge and the Nugent parties met here; and while the ladies were saying a thousand agreeable things to each other, Lord William Capel introduced our hero to Lord Iford. At length the fire-places were deserted, the sheltered corners were abandoned, the round-room was vacated, the carpeted floor no longer boasted of its fair and noble burthens, some of them not very light; in short, the house was empty, and the guard marched off. The quiet home and the comfortable bed were patronized by some; the noisy and mirth-inspiring supper, and champagne, by others. A lobster salad, and all that sort of thing, is pleasant enough for a bachelor at the Albany; at least so thought Millefleurs, and what he thought good he always had,

said, and did; and, having taken two officers of his regiment home with him, who happened to be in town at the time, he and Baron Hoesht (a man that generally "dropped in casually,") managed to ease the two guests of a cool hundred each, and sent them home to Stevens's "as drunk as lords."

Mrs. Nugent had still too much of "the country" about her not to feel a degree of alarm at the confusion and uproar of an advance upon, or retreat from, routs and operas, midst the "wreck of panels, and the crush of wheels," and invariably wished the season was at an end, till she found herself really out of danger, when her appetite for gaiety returned with full vigour.

With a box at the Opera, and a house in Cavendish-square, it was absolutely necessary that Mrs. Nugent should have a pew at St. George's church, being withal so near; and this, though she had to pay pretty high for it, was secured upon her first coming to town. Hyde, his mind full of Lady Georgina and the

Opera, (the former claiming by far the greater share of it) accompanied his mother and sister to that particularly *tonish* place of worship. Burgoyne could not be persuaded to go: he had not, he told Hyde, been in a church, except a Catholic one, for five years, and he did not come up to town with the intention of "doing the good." "You may go," said he, "because I know you will see Lady Georgina Capel there. I saw enough of the women at the Opera last night; and besides, I must go to Tattersal's, to look at my horses that are to be sold to-morrow."

"You're a pretty fellow, Burgoyne!" said Nugent: "pray, what do you call going to prayers at Oxford?"

"Pooh! It just amounts to the same thing as mustering the watchmen at Mary-le-bone, or whatever you call it, close to us. I am persuaded that plan of forcing the young men at the University to prayers so often, tends more to weaken mother-church than the re-

verend divines have any idea of. How many, of what you choose to call scoffers, have left Oxford in my time, who came there, I have been told, regular-built orthodox Christians, and incipient saints, fresh from their mothers' elbows! To be sure they had not had the advantage of a public school, or perhaps they might have been prepared for the system which goes the wrong way to make them 'righteous over much.'"

"I wonder you do not write a pamphlet on the subject, Frederick!" said Nugent.

"Oh, I am not so much interested about the sort of thing: I have my own opinions; *mais n' importe,*" returned Burgoyne.

"Come, come, Frederick, get your boots on, and come with us, like a good fellow," said Hyde, in a tone of entreaty.

"Boots! why you are not going to walk through all the mud, are you?" said Burgoyne, in amazement.

"Yes, we always walk to church; at least, my mother does, for this is my first Sunday of going there."

"Oh, I understand," said Burgoyne; "you only lately discovered that the Malmesbridges went to St. George's, and you have suddenly been taken with a violent religious fit. Ha, ha, ha!"

Hyde laughed. "I believe I must confess that to be the case," said he; "and as to walking, the horses will be wanted for the Park at four o'clock, and the coachman must have time to swill and get half-drunk, that he may dash in at Grosvenor-gate with the proper degree of spirit."

Louisa here entered equipped for church; but neither the radiance of her charms, nor her half serious remonstrances, joined to those of her mother, who soon followed, could induce Burgoyne to forego the resolution of patronizing Tattersal's rather than church.

On Monday, after the horses had been either sold or not, the state of the odds ascertained, and the various scraps of conversation peculiar to the place, cryptological to all but sporting men, gone through, Burgoyne and Nugent repaired to Malmesbridge House; the former wishing to renew his acquaintance, and pay his respects there, and the latter being by no means unwilling to accompany him.

Two such beaux! Even a marchioness and her daughters were delighted to see them. Burgoyne had been acquainted with Lord and Lady Malmesbridge two or three years before, having met them at his father's and other houses during a season he had passed in town, on his return from abroad, and previous to his entering at Oxford. The younger branches of the family were not at that time out, and an introduction in form was of course requisite. Form, however, or stiffness, or frigidity, had very little to do with the Ladies Capel, nor, except where she

chose, with the marchioness either. A most pleasing conversation was soon commenced, and as soon interrupted by the announcement of the eternal Captain Herbert, who was followed in about five minutes by Captain Bridgewater.

"Lady and the Miss Plantagenets!" vociferated a servant immediately after, as the door was thrown widely open, and the aforesaid ladies sailed in "majestically slow."

"The plot begins to thicken," said Hyde in a low voice to Lady Georgina, whom he was seated next; "*il faut partir.*"

"*Et pourquoi donc?*" said her ladyship as she rose, upon the entrance of the visitors; "*n'osez-vous faire face à l'ennemi?*"

There was no time for a reply. The host had entered, and Lady Malmesbridge introduced Nugent and Burgoyne. The lady of Plantagenet was a very good sort of body, quite a woman of the world, easy, and gracious in her manner, yet still with a taint of that pride so hatefully conspicuous in the family to which she

had allied herself; for she was step-mother to the young ladies.

Hyde bowed very coldly, and received as freezing a return. He could be as proud as they,—a descendant of Du Guesclin, or at least of his blood; one who could boast of so long a line of ancestry, who bore the cross bezanted upon his shield, in addition to other quarterings, emblematical of service in the Holy Land done by Nugents before even the proud knight of Edward the Second's time had added the additional lustre of his deeds to the gathering store of fame; that *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,* whose escutcheon had descended to the present bearer without a blot; *he* was not to bow the knee at the shrine of a newer family, because there was a coronet in the case, even though boasting the additional attributes of youth and beauty.

"'Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward,'"

said Lady Georgina to Hyde, in the same low voice.

He could only reply by a slight smile: the conversation became general and uninteresting, turning upon Almack's. At length Lady Georgina said, "Of course you mean to be there on Wednesday?"

"If I can get a ticket," said Hyde, "I wish to go of all things, as I suppose Lady Malmesbridge and yourselves never miss it, and (dare I give utterance to such a confession?) I was never there."

"Never at Almack's? Tell it not in Gath, or rather in Babylon, as it seems now the fashion to call London. Oh, you *must* go; you will be so charmed, so delighted! for, *entre nous*, I think you have a little of the country air about you as yet; just enough to be *piquant*. I must give you a little soothing syrup, as I see the Nugent blood rising."

Lady Georgina was now obliged to give her attention to the Miss Plantagenets, in charity

to her sister, who had hitherto had to stand the brunt of the action without much support from the other troops.

"Bridgewater," said Hyde, "is it true that you are appointed to a ship? Somebody told me so, but I forget who. Rather a bore for you, at this gay season, to be obliged to leave town!"

"No bore at all, if I get the ship I want," replied the captain; "but that is rather doubtful. However, I can take a fortnight or three weeks' grace, and an occasional run up to town, while she is fitting out; and when ready, I shall expect you to come and take a cruise with me; and, Hyde," whispered he, "we will make room for Mrs. Nugent, or Lady Nugent, as the case may be."

Hyde laughed, and thanked him.

"I say, Hyde," continued the captain, *sotto voce*, "don't flirt so abominably." Then turning to Herbert, "I say, Wyndham," said he, quickly, "what do you think is the most ridicu-

lous situation a man can be placed in? when, in fact, does he look most absurd?"

"Why, when Cartwright has got hold of him by the eye tooth," replied Herbert: "I saw Rolles of ours performed upon in this way this morning."

"No, sir; that's good enough, but I'll tell you a better," said Bridgewater; "when a dancing-master has got his grown pupil *nearly* into the first position, and is knocking him over the toes with his fiddle-stick to bring him *quite* there."

"Ha, ha, ha! what the deuce put that into your head?"

"Opal had Belpas with him this morning at the preposterous hour of eleven," said Bridgewater, "and was about to undergo all the torture incident to learning the minuet step. I got the man to put him through his facings, and trouble enough he had with him."

"The brilliant baronet may thank Miss Char-

lotte Plantagenet for that," said Herbert, making a slight inclination towards that lady.

"Me, Captain Herbert? I disclaim all the credit of the thing; though I certainly did tell him the other evening to *marcher plus légèrement sur mes pieds*, or to get a dancing-master at once. I believe I recommended Jenkins, and he promised very gravely to follow my instructions."

"He has, indeed, taken you *au pied de la lettre*," replied Herbert; "for Jenkins was with him one day, and after inflicting a lesson about an hour long, told him he was so stupid, he'd have nothing more to do with him."

"Cool fellow!" observed Bridgewater. "What will not love do?" continued he, *bas à part* to Hyde.

"Amour est un étrange maître;
Heureux qui ne l'a su connoître,
Que par récit, lui ni ses coups!"

"That would have been more applicable to

Rolles," said Hyde, " if he was getting his teeth drawn for love, like the lion in the fable, at least. But is Sir Gilbert *le lion amoureux* in this case?"

" I suspect so; though he seemed sufficiently *gêné* with her sister the other night," replied Bridgewater.

Hyde, turning to Lady Georgina, requested the honour and pleasure of dancing the first quadrille with her at Almack's.

" But suppose you don't get a ticket?" said her ladyship, rather teasingly: " what am I to do? am I to wear the willow all the evening?"

" Oh, I could not be so unreasonable as to wish that," replied he, smilingly; " but I am certain to get one."

" Do not make too sure of it; but it may be no harm to say, ' I wish you success.'"

Hyde thanked her with a look, and Burgoyne at the moment rising, they took their leave.

But we must not forget all our old friends;

and while we leave the Nugents and Burgoyne in town, enjoying all the gaiety that money and society could afford them, let us join our young Emerald Islander, Narcissus Moyle, whom we dispatched to Cheltenham some two hundred pages ago.

CHAP. III.

Erin, oh! Erin 's the land of delight,
Where the women all love, and the men they all fight.

SONG.

WE have heard another version of the above stave, one of the most celebrated Irish melodies: it runs thus,—

Where the men they all drink, and the women all fight;

but we believe the first to be the correct one. However, it signifies very little which it may be; or even if this should be the original,—

Where the women all drink, and the men they all fight.

Pardon us, fair Hibernians! we charge you not with such a heinous offence as either of the

above. No, beauteous creatures! it would be a bad return for all the kindness and hospitality we have experienced at your hands, and those of your gallant and warm-hearted lords.

All *muddy* land of love! when I forget you,

may I forget to—— eat my dinner.

To our tale. The autumn of 18— found Horace St. Quentin at Cheltenham. The Morning Post, in fact, announced his arrival from Dane's Court, amongst the numerous other captains; for you seldom see people of higher rank in the list, except perhaps a colonel or two, or an Irish bishop. It was the same year in which he had passed so pleasant a time at Nugent Hall, with the party our readers have before encountered. His surprise was, we cannot say very great; but, however, he felt a degree of surprise at the sight of Narcissus Moyle supporting the arm of the lovely Mrs. Markham, in the walk at Thompson's Spa, on the morning after his arrival.

"Oh, ho!" thought St. Quentin, "it is a done thing, I suppose. A match, certainly. Perhaps they are married already; who knows?" They were, however, only *fiancées.*

There they were, but not alone. No, the agreeable Miss Bayley made up the trio,—a kind of firm, in which the partners were Moyle, Markham, and Bayley, the latter a sleeping one. The first was paying *les petits soins* to the second, who was looking extremely well, and patronized in her turn the third person singular,—a convenient sort of mute, who filled up the by-play of the comedy.

Moyle, with the persuasive eloquence which distinguishes his countrymen on similar occasions, had prevailed upon the widow to give him a promise of her hand and fortune—the last, not least in the estimation of our young Irishman: not that it is to be supposed he was indifferent to her charms; no,—Moyle really liked her, but she was certainly not his first love,

as the poet says. Besides Castle Moyle wanted a new approach.

The day had been fixed which was to make Moyle "the happiest of men;" and, though a month, or at least three weeks off, it was fast approaching, with the years of bliss it was to confer on the insinuating Narcissus and his bride elect.

The greeting between Horace St. Quentin and the other parties was sincere and joyful.

"I am delighted you are come here," said Moyle, "for I am off to-morrow for Ireland; and it will be so pleasant for Mrs. Mo—— Markham to have an old acquaintance in the place!"

The fact is, Moyle's castle and place in Kilkenny had been let to a sort of half-gentleman for some years. The lease had lately fallen in, as Moyle anticipated he should find the roof of the dwelling also; and it was certain that a great deal was requisite to be done in the

way of furbishing and repair, to make it a fit residence for his spouse and himself.

On arriving at his château, he was received with all that enthusiasm which characterizes an Irish tenantry: whiskey and feasting were the order of the day, broken heads and bonfires of the night.

Castle Moyle was one of the many châteaux that are to be found—some still inhabited, others desolate, ruined, and deserted—studding the face of ever-melancholy Ireland, and calling to remembrance its old and warlike times. Though commanded, it was built upon a strong position; and before the more general use of cannon in the field, (when every petty chieftain made war upon, paid to, or exacted from his neighbour a certain tribute) must have been one of the principal fortresses in that part of the country; as, indeed, its having been the favourite residence of Thady M'Dermot, of the ten castles, sufficiently attests. As it fell from one family to another, as the fortune of war, or the power of

wealth and strength carried the day, it had undergone such innumerable crumblings away, clumsy repairs, alterations and subtractions, though but few additions,—that it is to be doubted, had the original founder risen from his grave (we are rather fond of this speculation,) to greet the present possessor on his arrival, or to dispute his right—(a much more likely thing for the quarrelsome old Thady to do)—it is, we say, to be doubted whether, in the now dilapidated pile of building, he would have recognized the primitive forms of the regularly-constructed castle he had so proudly raised.

The view from the towers of this ancient edifice was very extensive, and, though wild and gloomy, we may add grand and interesting; for though bare of trees, the line of mountains in the distance, and a fine river winding through the country, fed by many a tributary stream, hurrying with tumult over its rocky bed to join its waters, with the luxuriant grass lands and large cultivated tracts which spread themselves

out like a carpet, whose dots and marks were old castles and modern dwelling-houses, beneath the gratified eye of the beholder,—all this on the one side, and on the other, a dark boggy tract, intersected here and there with a road, and bearing only such marks of habitation as were given it by a few cabins, the wretched abodes of the peasantry,—endued the mind with a lofty idea of what this richly-gifted land *might* be made, and impressed it at the same time with a melancholy conviction of its present neglected and impoverished state; brought to the memory, or rather the imagination, the bloody and turbulent times of the past, displayed the more civilized state of the present, and lifted the sanguine and patriotic heart to the hope and expectation of a brilliant future.

Such were the thoughts that passed rapidly through the mind of the lord of Castle Moyle, as he mounted its towers the morning after his arrival, in order to "chalk out," as he said, a new approach, attended by Mr. Tim Fegan, his

chargé d'affaires, and plenipotentiary for the time being.

"Why then, Tim," said Moyle, as he seated himself on a mass of ruined architecture, which had detached itself from the main building, and was now jammed in between the embrasure of two projecting battlements, threatening destruction to all beneath,—"why then, Tim, isn't it very odd that the *locum tenens* has quitted the place, without regularly giving up charge, or leaving an inventory of the things in the house, —or the castle, that is?"

"It is then that same," said Tim, scratching his head; "not that there's much in the castle, or out of it, to make an in*ven*tory about; but Mr. Luke Tineens might have paid the half-year's rint, which he hasn't, for the piece of ground he tuck from me, your honour! forenent the ould bog that was, which I reclaimed, and you give me for myself."

"What a fool you were to let him do you out of it!"

"Why then, that's thrue; I'm a foolish poor fellow. But when did he change his name, Misther Luke Tineens, for it used to be Dennis Hurrigan?"

"Get out! you're a fool, Tim!"

"Why then that's thrue, too. May be I haven't taken care of your honour's place, since you've been in foreign parts. I'm tould there's a power of quality at that grand place you were living at."

An oldish, tall, thin man, in a frieze great-coat, though it was only the middle of September, with a blackthorn stick in his hand, now showed his head on the winding stair, and ascending to the turret where Moyle was seated, (not one of the highest, luckily for the old man) advanced to the master, hat in hand, and interrupted Mr. Tim Fegan's discourse with, "Save your honour! Mr. Moyle, sir, it's yourself that's right welcome back to the castle!" (They always welcome you to your own place in Ireland.) "The boys is below, sir, and wishes to let

you know they want to work the headache off that your honour's whiskey gave them last night, —this morning that is,—if you've got any thing for them to do."

"They're a brave set of fellows," said Moyle, "and are just come in the right time. I've got a nice little job for them; that's to turn the approach out of the farm-yard, or the hay-yard I should say—d—n it, I'm getting so English!—into the great park. Where are the boys? I'll go down to them."

"You needn't, sir," said the old man, running to the opposite side of the turret, "they're all here waiting to see your honour; there's Tim Quilty, and Mich Flanagan, and Paddy Mulcahy, and young Darby Quilty, and James O'Regan, and Mich Bourke, and oh, by jagers! I believe there's two hundred of them. Hurrah! boys, here's the masther coming to spake to yees himself."

Narcissus "looked over the castle-wall," when he heard the man thus say, and he was

immediately greeted by a loud cheer from the assembled idlers and effectives below, of whom, tenants and non-tenants, labourers and nondescripts, there are always to be found a plentiful number about every large country place in Ireland. Of these, some had come in the sincerity of their hearts to welcome their landlord; others to see what was to be had; and more had collected from idle curiosity, and now stood there with their mouths open, like Sir Gilbert Opal. Moyle waved his hat, and returned their shout, which raised a fresh clamour; and despairing of making himself intelligible from such a height, he descended to the court below, and told them his wishes. They all threw up their hats, and swore they wouldn't rest till the work was "complated." Moyle declared they should be regularly paid for their labour; but this they would not hear of, and three hundred men were at work the next morning upon the new approach, which Moyle, with infinite judgment and unre-

mitting exertion, planned in the afternoon of the day we have just been describing.

This new approach had long been anticipated by Moyle: it was a darling project, and, when finished, a great improvement. The old one did, indeed, run through the farm and stable-yards, giving the visitor rather a disadvantageous idea of the *manége*, &c. of the castle, and presenting the massive pile of building to his eye in the very worst possible point of view. The new line was to run through the naturally well-lying grounds that surrounded the castle, taking advantage of a turn here and there, to bring the stranger near the few single trees which were thinly sprinkled over the demesne. Moyle had seen some of the show-places in England, and, at the time, determined in his own mind, should he ever have it in his power, to transmute his own place into something more like the residence of a civilized being, by taking these for his guide. For nearly two centuries, the castle

had retained the name of Moyle: its former name was Dermot Castle; but the present family having become the proprietors by purchase, it had been ever since dignified by its present designation; and Narcissus was determined that, if its title was again changed, it should be through no fault of his, as he had resolved in good time to "marry and have heirs." He had no idea of being the last of the Moyles; and as from his high tower, he with infinite satisfaction beheld his numerous tenantry almost enthusiastically employed upon the new approach, the blooming Mrs. Markham, soon to be Moyle, and a whole tribe of little Narcissi, passed in perspective through his vivid imagination.

Moyle could spend but a fortnight in Kilkenny, but he had, at the expiration of that time, the satisfaction not only to see his approach "complated," and made as smooth as a bowling-green, but also to behold the interior of his castle in a state of forwardness, from the number of workmen he had put into it. That gave

him hopes of being able to bring Mrs. Moyle to the seat of his ancestors, by the time they had, as bride and bridegroom, achieved a tour of the Lakes.

The gardens and stables had required an immensity of "doing;" for Mr. Hurrigan, the recent occupant, had allowed every thing to go to ruin in his regular time-serving way. The whole face of affairs was truly deplorable in the grounds and out of the grounds. The land had been *cottiered*, as it is called, and the soil neglected, worn out, and of course greatly reduced in value; and Moyle anticipated infinite trouble in ejecting the numerous vagabonds who had settled on his estate, and much unpleasant feeling, by a refusal (which he was determined upon) to grant fresh leases to people who could not if they would, and would not if they could, pay their rents to a landlord they knew nothing of, from their late settlement in the neighbourhood.

The stables had apparently undergone the

" bootless inquisition" of the bare-legged crew who patronized the environs of the castle, and who, in the complete gratification of their thievish propensities, had " left not a rack behind." The garden doors, being of course considered useless in an orchard, where the fruit-trees had been allowed to take care of themselves, were first divested of their locks and hinges, and then broken up for fire-wood by the pilfering tribe. The walls in every part of the demesne were in a precariously tottering state; and the few gates, which formerly served to debar passengers from one field to the other, had shared the igneous destiny of " their mates of the garden," their places being supplied by heaps of bluish stones mixed with bramble-bushes, when such things were to be procured. In short, every thing attested the needy and narrow-minded, indolent, Irish, half-gentleman lessee for the time being: in a word, Mr. Dennis Hurrigan (the name speaks volumes) had " made away wid himself" to Donegal to see

some of his friends, taking very good care not to face Moyle, though he sent him the rent on his arrival.

The blooming Narcissus was at Cheltenham on the appointed day; the wedding took place; and the bride and bridegroom set off for the Lakes, "*selong le coutume de pay*," as the latter observed to Horace, who attended at the ceremony, and who congratulated him upon the keeping-up of his French, as well as the completion of his wishes. Miss Bayley was bridesmaid; but still preserving the character of unfortunate, she entangled her foot in the bride's train in descending from the carriage, and fell on her nose upon the pavement. Horace had the ill-nature to make her a visit of condolence in the evening, and found her with a piece of brown paper dipped in vinegar applied to her *petit nez retroussé*, which she however removed on his entrance, and displayed the offending member turned to a royal purple. But we have no time to bestow upon the unfortunate

Miss Bayley; so leaving her to enjoy a flirtation with Captain St. Quentin of the ——th regiment of Lancers, which, however, was of no very long continuance, as may be imagined, we repair to town, where great events were on the *tapis;* a ball at Almack's for instance, and divers other affairs of equal moment to the hero of our tale. By the bye, we take a jump of a year and a half, from the period of Moyle's marriage, though we may perhaps go back again, if we have time, and see how they have got on in Ireland in the interim.

CHAP. IV.

———————— tinctured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.

COWPER.

WE have said that a ball at Almack's was to be our theme; but pardon us, gentle reader, if we detain you a short time on the outside of that fairy ground, while we relate one or two circumstances of the greatest importance to Hyde Nugent, which occurred between his visit to Malmesbridge House, and his first

taste of that concentrated essence of London pride.

On leaving Burgoyne at home, (for, with whatever taste, he preferred the society of the ladies to riding in the Park,) Hyde met Adonis Millefleurs near the Green Man, and turning, they rode together;—not the statue, for he is a pedestrian; but Adonis and Hyde. The latter found his old school-fellow so delightful, and altogether so different from what he had been on Saturday, that he ceded to the pressing invitation, or rather request of Millefleurs, to join him and a few friends at dinner that day at Long's.

At seven, therefore, Nugent presented himself, and found Adonis and the party assembled, consisting of him already mentioned, an officer who had sailed on the Polar expedition, (not Parry,) and the two officers whom he had seen with Millefleurs at the Opera, and to whom he was now introduced: their names were Gardner and Cumberland.

"Baron's late," observed Adonis.

"Oh," thought Hyde, "*he's* expected, is he? Speak of the devil, &c."

The baron entered.

"Adonees," said he, "you see me come yuste as I vas, vat am; Mr. Nogents vil excuse me, aand de oder gentilmans."

"Oh yes, baron," said Adonis, "they'll excuse your coming as you are, the rather for the novelty of the thing, as you generally come disguised."

The "oder gentilmans" could not forbear laughing at the coolness with which this was said, or admiring the *nonchalance* Adonis displayed in quizzing this reputed dead shot.

"Aha, mein freend," said the baron, smiling and patting Adonis on the shoulder, "alvays you have your choke you know, but whaye you don't change it, whaye always you give your freends the same? It *is* getting threadbare."

There was something atrociously vulgar,

Hyde thought, about the baron's appearance, though in his manners, at least his movements, he was very graceful, made a most splendid bow, and all that sort of thing; but divested of this, his burly appearance, bull head, and unmeaning face with the toad-mouth, which we have before described, and a certain habit which he had of bending his short thick thumb back to the wrist, gave him a most forbidding appearance and air. He never would speak German, because he prided himself upon his very capital English; but when he could be got to converse in French, his conversation had something of the same kind of fascination for the hearer that the eye of the rattle-snake has for a bird; the charmed revolting from the charmer, though his power over the victim is enchanting. However, this day the baron confined himself to English.

And now, Epicurean readers, the dinner was as good a one as Long's ever produced, which is no small praise. The turtle was excel-

lent, as were the divers sauces and condiments which accompanied it,—the *vol-au-vents*, and all the other French dishes which followed: if we had the *Almanach des Gourmands* in our library, we would give you a minute, though perhaps not true account of it, for the cook at Long's says he does not recollect what dishes were served up on the occasion, and the waiters are equally in the dark: besides, I am afraid their French would be nearly as bad as Mrs. Ramsbottom's, who wrote of a *voulez-vous* of fowl, and a *patty de sweetheart* (query, *des huitres?)*; and who, when she expostulated upon something or another connected with the cook's department, the French waiters, she said, talked of quizzing her.

Hock and champagne were not wanting, nor claret, from the renowned vineyard of Château Margaut, nor other light wines, to assist in the deglutition of the venison and turbot, and "all that sort of thing,"—choice phrase! We question whether the whole Bod-

leian library would not fail to convey the very comprehensive meaning that these five English words do. Divers and sundry were the subjects discussed with the fine-flavoured peaches and pine-apples at the dessert. The Baron talked of a certain young lady, whom he knew not, but pretended a regard for: however, upon hearing that her fortune was only six thousand pounds, he said, "Aha! dat no go moche far in Lon*dun*:" the dragoons spoke of a brevet that was expected to come out on the birth-day, (which came not, however,) and abused their colonel, with "the people at the Horse Guards:" the polar officer brought icebergs upon the table; talked long and loud of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait; doubted the existence of volcanos in those regions, the only intimations of which, he observed, were those afforded by the presence of secondary trap-rocks, such as basalt, green-stone, trap-tufa, and amygdaloid; remarked that garnets had been found in

the northern regions, as had also rock-crystal, beryl, and zircon; that coal formed an important feature in the geognostical constitution of Arctic countries, together with chromate of iron, copper pyrites, and molybdæna glauca, and that interesting mineral, graphite or black lead. This was, however, digging too deep into "the bowels of the harmless earth" for the rest of the company: the gallant officer fell between the secondary and ternary strata of limestone rocks, and in endeavouring to recover his legs, lost himself in a forest of dicotyledonous trees, found the ears of the party frost-bitten, and at length cut his way out, if not in a *Fury*, at least in a state of much greater warmth than when he first made these scientific observations in the icy regions.

Having got rid of the Polar Bear, as Millefleurs called him, the party voted for more champagne, and about eleven o'clock sallied forth "pretty comfortable;" but, oh! alas the

while! Champagne and Château Margaut had made sad inroads upon Hyde's good resolutions, so lately made, and valiantly acted up to.

Wine! wine! rich and rosy wine!

what hast thou not to answer for?

Away they went. It was not far from Long's into St. James's-street, and Crockford's was entered without remorse. So fly all our better resolves, when once we abandon ourselves to the tyrannical power or fascinating blandishments of intemperance; which, however, only possess the ability—or the will, perhaps—to charm us for the time, and after, mock and taunt us with the servile slavishness with which we yielded up our freedom.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*" is a very hacknied sentiment, but it is nevertheless an exceedingly true one; although, when the first step is made, we sometimes sapiently persuade ourselves it will also be the last. It never is.

Had Hyde Nugent abided by his first intention, and his father's advice, to give as little of

his society as possible to Adonis Millefleurs, preserving a due regard to civility, all had been right; but he allowed a few bland words, and an assumed correctness of demeanor, with a particularly insinuating manner, to prevail on him to join a party in which it was impossible for a very young man to be without feeling its baneful influence. There is much to be said in his defence, or at least extenuation: he was praised and flattered, and young in the world, and, as we have already seen, flexible. But we must bring a celebrated poet to our aid, who never thought Hyde Nugent would have been a client whose cause he should be brought to advocate:—

> O popular applause! what heart of man
> Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
> The wisest and the best feel urgent need
> Of all their caution, in thy gentlest gales:
> But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!
> With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
> And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?

I quote from Cowper; rather out of fashion

now, and reckoned heavy. I recollect thinking Milton so, till I was old enough to perceive his —"beauties" is too tame a term—stupendous magnificence; his almost, I may say, inspired vastness of sublimity. None can sufficiently praise Milton; none ever possessed a pen sufficiently powerful to characterize his writings duly, but himself.

How we do digress! What upon earth has Milton to do with Hyde Nugent? though he certainly wrote a good deal upon hell, where by the bye we left our hero just now.

To return then; Hyde staked he knew not what, and won; he won in fact so much, that Adonis and the baron, who had drunk far less than himself, prevented him from playing any more; and to cut short our story, he found himself the next morning in Cavendish-square with a desperate head-ache, and "money in both pockets," to a much larger amount than he had any recollection of having gained. But it was all his own, fairly and honourably won, though he

felt scarcely less perplexed at the fact, than he would have done had he experienced a loss equal to his winnings.

All the arguments that ever were used to convince a young man of the impropriety of gaming now rushed upon his mind, and virulently did he inveigh against the egregious folly and weakness which had induced him to join the dinner party of the day before.

And do not think he was sentimentally foolish, or scrupulously silly upon the subject, my readers! perhaps you, or I even, at our present time of life should not experience any of these qualms of conscience at entering a gaming-house, or winning money from people we neither know nor care about; but was it so with us once, when all the advice, the tender solicitude of a parent, we felt had been in vain expended on us; and in defiance of his affectionate yet strict prohibition, we for the first time breathed the contaminating air, and felt the baneful influence of that earthly pandemonium,

so ruinous to morals, health, and purse,—you may place it where you please, in St. James's-street, or place, or Pall Mall; you can scarcely go wrong; for you know, and we know, that the whole parish swarms with houses of the sort?

But Hyde,—what was he to do with the money? He was so new! Keep it he was determined he would not; he wanted it not; he would return it, yet to whom? He was perplexed; and resolving to consult Burgoyne, he studiously avoided the subject whenever they met: he had not nerve to broach it. As to his father, he dreaded the thoughts of his surmising how he had passed the night; and would rather have heard by letter that he was disinherited, than have made an open confession of his fault. Oh, that he had done so!

At length, after a number of sage resolutions and counter-resolutions, he abided by the one which prompted a second visit to ***'s, where

he would lose all the money back again, and then cut the concern—for ever, yes, for ever.

Burgoyne and the lady part of the family went to Somerset House, to view the exhibition, which had just opened. Hyde had no idea of accompanying his mother and sister, as Burgoyne could take very good care of them; and about three o'clock, pale and sullen with the headache and conflicting ideas, which made his brain throb almost to bursting, he met Adonis Millefleurs in Bond-street, who was mounted, and riding with one of the Hussar officers *de la veille*, looking nearly as interesting as himself,—that is as Hyde.

Adonis quizzed our hero's pale cheek, and asking how he had fared at * * * 's, was told by Hyde that he intended "to go there again to-night, and lose it all back."

Millefleurs laughed loud. "No, no," said he, "you won't be such a fool, surely, will you? Go there certainly, but——"

"Mr. Millefleurs," said Hyde, warmly, "that is language too strong for people to indulge in who have left Westminster. I desire you will not address me in that strain for the future."

"Poh! my dear Nugent, I thought you knew me better than to take offence at a joke. But come and dine at Long's again to-day, and we'll have a quiet bottle of wine, and you shall do just as you like. Gardner dines there with us; we don't keep a bad mess either, do we? But I say, d—n it, you were as drunk as possible last night; a devil of a fellow altogether; there was no holding you. Sober enough now. Curse me if it wasn't good though, to see the Johnnies looking so blue after you floored them, and walked off. Ah, ha, ha!"

Adonis always laughed in a peculiar way, most insulting to the person ridiculed, but in this instance the *laughees* were absent. Captain Gardner, here finding it rather flat, was glad to see Cumberland coming up *en grandes moustaches,* with a preposterous pair of per-

suaders, and a waist that clearly argued he had no money in his waistcoat pockets, though by the bye, I don't suppose he had one on, for he wore a spring waistband; not a bad thing with a frock coat, but in regimentals, far from meeting the ideas of a short lancer, or at least hussar jacket; the white linen garment sometimes showing an *hiatus deflendus*, gaping for the assistance of a pair of braces. The two hussars, mounted on their switch-tailed bloods, bent their steps up Brook-street, towards the Park, calling out to Adonis to follow.

"Ay, ay, I'll be after you in a moment," said he: "you'll come though, Hyde, won't you? ah do, there's a dear fellow,—oh, here's the baron, by all that's ugly!"

Hyde was now in a better humour, and standing on the curb-stone, leaned one hand upon the neck of Millefleurs's beautiful Arabian, resisting the invitation of the rider to join the dinner party. But Lady Malmesbridge's carriage drove past at a prodigious rate, turning into Hanover-

square; and the baron coming up at the same time, our hero's ideas and answers became rather disjointed.

"Baron," said Millefleurs, "I wish you would use your influence with Nugent, and get him to join us at dinner to-day. He's afraid of the long corks; they've stuck in his head this morning."

"How do you do, Mr. Nogents?" said the baron, the grace of whose bow ill accorded with the guttural accent in which he murdered the king's English: "vat, saar, you not de vorse for your littel glass of claret de last naight? Hah, by gad, doh, I was moche far gone himself—'tes true. Lost moche, great deal of money; mine pockets vas so empty aas——"

"Your head, baron," said Millefleurs, finishing the sentence for him.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Millefleurs, you are von pleasant gentilman—alvays you say vat you likes to me, you know. Ah, ha! Mr. Nogens," added the baron, grinning horrible a ghastly smile,

"Ah, ha, Mr. Nogens, Addonees see me hit von ace of diamonds aat twallvf paces."

"Good shot, sir," said Hyde; "but I presume you had not dined at Long's the evening before."

"No, no, mine gote saar. No champagne, no shaky, shaky,—alvays cool head and steady aye. Come ote vid us to-morrow—vat de devil, you shall see me knock de T out of ten pound notes aat feeften paces."

"Oh baron!" said Millefleurs: "don't believe him, Nugent; he couldn't hit the head of a cask at five paces."

"Ah, I shaal be shooting yourself, Addonees, von of these mornings," said Hoesht, smiling, and taking an enormous pinch of snuff between his short thumb and finger, and thrusting it into his pudsy nose, from which he brushed away the minute particles of Fribourg's superior bureau with a dark red silk pocket handkerchief, which had already seen service.

"Shoot me in the morning?" said Adonis, "I'll be d——d if you do; or you must get up

early, and have at me before I go to bed, or else it would puzzle you I think; for I keep the boot-jack close to my bed-side, and any body that comes into my room before twelve, gets it at his head. Good bye! remember seven, Hyde:" and he cantered off, regardless of Nugent's " No, no," and " don't expect me."

Meantime, Mrs. Nugent and Louisa, attended by their squire, had mounted the disagreeable great stone stair-case at Somerset House, when the troubles and fatigue of the ascent were rewarded by the first *coup d' œil* of the collection. What a host of generals, admirals, statesmen, dragoons, Highland chiefs, dandies, and children, frights and beauties, now burst upon the pleased vision! and, alas! how soon was the charm dispelled, when a nearer approach enabled the eye to discover that the greater part were the merest daubs an exhibition was ever made of! What battles blazed and smoked upon the walls in mimic array! what landscapes glit-

tered in all their liveries of green and gold! what scenes from Shakspeare and the Waverley novels, scripture pieces, bad copies of the best masters, deluges, earthquakes, storms at sea, and calms in port, impious feasts, and writings on the wall, which would puzzle "a very Daniel," to decypher! what Babylons, and blood-red skies, and Passages of the Red Sea! &c. &c. the preposterous colouring of which would lead one to suppose, that the painter had indeed "dipt his brush in dyes of heaven," but that he had previously mixed them all together, to save trouble!

But the principal object of Mrs. Nugent's (shall we add Louisa's?)—and if so, Burgoyne's, visit to Somerset House, was to examine and admire the miniatures of Hyde and his sister, which hung in fraternal love opposite to each other, painted by Mr. Camel-hair, at five-and-forty guineas each. By the bye, we forgot to mention their having sat for their pic-

tures. But if the miniatures cost a long price, (as the Melton men say of a horse,) they were beautifully done and correct likenesses; so far, so good. Their company was however for the most part but indifferent. Hosts of little pictures fluttered around, above, below; ugly and handsome; the pursy, the prim, and the stiff; the fascinating, the smiling, the musician, the affected, the insipid, boiled bread-pudding faced, disagreeable looking child, with flaxen hair, and stupid, fat, puffy, inexpressive cheeks, but doubtless heir to a great estate, perhaps title,—the image of his father, and also the exact picture of his mother. But who is the spectacled dame fronting the Nugents, as they again enter the first room? A large portrait, looking so sensible, but belying the intellect of the original surely! for no one with common sense would, at such an age, consent to have his picture placed in the exhibition. It is not unnatural for an affectionate son or daughter to wish for a memorial of a kind mother; but surely

they must be wanting in taste and delicacy if they do not, when finished, immediately insist upon the portraits being taken to their houses. But perhaps it was their wish,—I cry you pardon, gentles!

Do not, however, from the foregoing remarks, let it be supposed that we wish to condemn the whole collection—who cares whether you do or not? Ah, I knew what you would say, you see! Let it not be supposed that we wish to condemn the whole collection. In one so large, there must be many every year, and there are pictures good and brilliant, whose qualities redeem the whole society of artists from the verdict of lunacy, which would otherwise be found against them for exhibiting such trash: we will make no invidious distinctions; it would not be fair, remaining unknown as we intend to do; nor do we wish to constitute ourselves either picture-fanciers, reviewers, or newspaper critics.

One picture we must, however, particularize; and if the reader has seen it, he will not only

readily excuse this short detention; but, if he has any heart, will, we are persuaded, join in the well-deserved praise we would bestow.

Perhaps the countenance and figure of Lady Rachel Russel, (for that is the picture to which we allude,) as assisting in her husband Lord William's defence in the House of Lords, is the only point of this very attractive painting which one is tempted minutely to examine. The eye of course glances over the other figures, although insignificant; but the great beauty, the indescribable charm of this picture, is that never-to-be-forgotten face, displaying such acute anxiety for the fate of her beloved husband, so tender, so deeply, exquisitely expressive, which if any of our readers have beheld without feeling that swelling of the throat, that moistening of the eye one is sometimes perhaps ashamed to show, but which, "albeit unused to the melting mood," the manly heart feels it impossible sometimes to repress,—we must pity their total want of sensi-

bility, and tell them that they have no soul. We forget whether this picture was in the exhibition the year the Nugents made the above-mentioned visit; we fancy not, as there was no conversation about it on their way home.

Burgoyne was that day to dine at the Union Club, of which he was a member. Mr. Nugent patronized the seventeenth anniversary dinner of something or another at the Thatched House; and when Hyde reached Cavendish-square, and found he was to have no one but his mother and sister at dinner, he almost repented that he had not acceded to Millefleurs's request that he would join their party at Long's. "It is not too late yet," thought he; and his servant was immediately dispatched with a note, to the effect that he had changed his mind.

"It will be better," he soliloquized: "I will just dine with them quietly, and in the evening look in at C***'s, when I shall precious soon lose back all my winnings, and then I start fair

with a clear conscience, and never go near the place again."

Well resolved, Master Hyde! stick to that, and you'll do.

Of all things, young Nugent dreaded that the fact of his having played should come to the ears of his father. There was scarcely a crime more heinous in the opinion of that gentleman than gambling: it was, in fact, as he said, the mother of crime, growing insensibly on the young mind, till the unhappy victim is unable to throw it off, when he either becomes a ruined man, or a designing knave; perhaps both. Too surely does it always tend to demoralize the mind, often leading to crime, madness, and suicide.

When Mrs. Nugent returned from her drive, she found Hyde lying on the richly-covered sofa, with one foot up on the gilded surbase of the wall, and admiring his neat foot and boot, with the appropriate gilt spur.

"Not a bad foot, I flatter myself," said he

to Burgoyne, as the Somerset House party entered the room.

"I wish you would find something new, Hyde! we have heard that so often before."

"Get off the sofa with your dusty boots, Hyde," said Mrs. Nugent good-humouredly, "and do not scratch the wall, or I shall have another bill sent in from Stucco's."

The young gentleman got up with a yawn.

"So you all dine out to-day?" said he.

"No we don't, indeed," replied Louisa.

"Oh, but I mean the men."

"We were afraid you would find it rather dull, Hyde," continued his sister, "with only my mother and myself; so we prevailed on old Lady Craven to come and flirt with you this evening."

"Defend me from all such horrors!" exclaimed Hyde: "I anticipated some atrocity of the kind when I heard my father and Frederick were to dine out; so I invited myself to dine with Adonis Millefleurs at Long's."

"By the bye, this is the first time we have seen you to-day. Pray, what time did you breakfast?"

"At one. *Qu'importe?*"

"Did you dine with Mr. Millefleurs yesterday?" said Louisa: "come here, and be catechised. Mamma, does he not look very pale? Oh, you sad rake, Hyde! I suspect you passed a very dissipated evening. But mind, you must keep yourself in good looks for Almack's to-morrow: you know whom you are to meet there!" and she smiled.

"Whom do you mean, most sapient sister?"

"If you look so wretched as you do now, not any one, for we shall not allow you to go with us."

"Phoo, you would be too highly honoured by my company, if I chose to patronize you."

"I am sorry we were not at home when Lady Malmesbridge called," said Mrs. Nugent, as she looked over the cards which had been left

in her absence: "hum, hum, the Stanhopes and the Oldboroughs, Lady Alicia Ponsonby—when did she come to town? Lady Darrel—rather glad I was out of the way; I must have had to let her in. General and Mrs. Boreham, with their country cards—our good neighbours from Dullamwell—oh! delighted they were not let in, &c. &c. &c."

"Was Lady Malmesbridge here to-day then?" said Hyde.

"Yes," replied Louisa; "we met her and Lady Georgina Capel at Redmayne's. They had been to Hutchins's."

"How did *la belle* Georgy look? It's time for you to go and dress, Fred. Ah, that's a good boy—what have they been doing with their teeth?"

"Lady Malmesbridge has been getting some of hers macadamized: I never saw such a beautiful set as she has got. And as to *la belle* Georgy, as you call her,——"

"No, that's Mr. Conceit's name for her."

"Who may that be?"

"Herbert."

"A rival, eh?" said Louisa, in a low voice.

"But really your taste is good, Hyde," continued she as Mrs. Nugent left the room, after trifling with her geraniums for five minutes: "she is a beautiful creature, and—aye, by the bye, what were you saying to her at the Opera the other night? for when I said how stupid you were, on leaving their box, and returning to ours, she blushed 'celestial rosy red, *love's* proper hue,' and turned round to ask suddenly for something she did not want, I am sure—*couleur de rose* sarsnet."

"Oh, for lining her night-cap, I suppose!" observed Hyde.

"Possibly, though not very probably," returned his sister: "the marchioness was in great tribulation at not being able to get any *papillon philosophe* satin for Lady Luxury, who is laid up with the gout, and has imposed this commission upon her. It seems all the *vapeur-*

euses in Paris wear robes of this colour, as they recline on their sofas; and Lady Luxury will break her heart if she does not get it before any one else in England: Lady Malmesbridge posted off for Howell and James, and you had better post off to your dressing-room, for it waxeth late."

Hyde rang the bell, ordered his things to be got ready for dressing, decided upon going as he was, and before the servant returned with the answer to his note, started for Long's, where it is needless to say his arrival caused great pleasure.

Our hero got quite as lazy on this evening as he did the preceding one. Adonis and the baron were hard-headed fellows, and besides did not indulge in long potations that day. The *deux housards* were pretty far gone, and in fact all the party were as noisy and disagreeable as different degrees of drinking could make them.

As usual they "looked in at the old shop," and played deep. The baron only kept aloof;

he seemed to be holding his forces in reserve for some grand *coup de main*, and only risked an occasional sovereign or two, coming off pretty square at the close. He was particularly assiduous in directing Hyde how, when, and where to play; and to an uninterested observer, (of which sort of persons there is a great paucity, however, in such a place) his bad English would have been infinitely amusing.

Many of our readers must have met this same baron at the *salon* in Paris, and will perhaps recognise him as an old acquaintance,—friend we cannot say; for if they were to be *had—entendez vous?*—they would certainly have found in him a finished artist, or rather a *finishing* one; and if they were not, he would have dropped their acquaintance as a thing of no use. He soon found his man out, for his knowledge in the occult science was perfectly astonishing. But too many young Englishmen, we fear, may date their ruin from the day on which they became acquainted with Baron Hoesht.

Fortune, it would appear, was pleased with the tyro essays of young Nugent; and before he and the party left the house, he had much more than doubled his last night's winnings. As there is nothing more sobering than a moderately large loss at cards, so there are few things whose influence is more intoxicating than the winning far beyond our most sanguine expectations; and, although Hyde had left Cavendish-square with the intention, we may almost say, of losing, yet as he went to the gambling-house more than half inebriated, he was by no means depressed at the consciousness of having pocketed some thousand pounds worth of money, in gold, notes, and I. O. U. s; nor did his spirits suffer from the addition of half a dozen glasses of champagne at supper: he was, in fact, delirious with mirth. Wyndham Herbert was visible this evening at * * * *'s, and joined Millefleurs's party at supper, during which Nugent and he were as loving as two brothers. The guards had won that night.

Hyde got home about three o'clock in the morning without adventure, and scarcely knowing what he was about; emptied his pockets of their valuable contents, which he strewed on the toilette table; upset the massive silver candlestick; cursed the clatter which the snuffers and extinguisher made upon the floor, and tumbled into bed in the dark. Not appearing at breakfast, his mother feared he was unwell, and begged Frederick Burgoyne to go up, and make inquiries.

Upon entering the room, he found it quite dark, and proceeded leisurely to open the shutters.

"Hyde, my man!" said he, "what is the matter? Floored again last night, eh? Halloo! what the devil's all this? Money! 'I. O. U. 450*l.* Charles Needwell'—and he's likely to owe you—'I. O. U. 725*l.*'—why, there are a dozen I. O. U.s, and sovereigns, bank-notes——why, Hyde, my dear man! where were you last night?

You made a good voyage of it, at least. Here's a draft for 600*l.* and another for 800*l.*"

"Oh, confound it!" growled Hyde, "can't you let them alone? I wish you were at the devil for opening those shutters."

"Well, you are a pleasant fellow, Master Hyde! Had you not time to take off your black stock before you went to bed? Look here, too," continued the provoking Burgoyne, taking up one of his boots, "here's your dandy brass spur twisted half off with the boot-jack, and your candlestick floored. I thought I heard a deuce of a noise this morning. What, you've been seeing a little life, I suppose? 'Gad! you're a nice fellow, too! I wish *somebody* could see you now: I'll bet any thing she would cut you altogether. Come, come! get up, get up!"—and he shook him by the shoulder, and pulled off his night-cap, which put Master Hyde in a towering passion, and educed a few warm ejaculations which we need not record here.

"Mrs. Nugent is afraid you are ill: I shall go down and tell her there is nothing the matter with you, and that you will soon make your appearance in the drawing-room."

"You will tell her a confounded lie, if you do," said Hyde, trying to recall his slumbers, which had, however, flown not to return that morning; a circumstance that did not tend to allay our hero's choler.

"Burgoyne," said he, "you are a fool; and I wish I may never see your face again. Just take yourself out of my room: I do not want to have any thing more to say to you."

Burgoyne looked at him steadily for a few seconds, and then walked to the other end of the room,—

Hoping 't was but the effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

"So true is it," said he, at length, "'that evil communications'——you know the rest. I could

expect no other language from a proselyte of Mr. Millefleurs."

"My dear Frederick," said Hyde, quite subdued, and holding out his hand, "forgive me. I have got such a head-ache, and one thing or another, that I scarcely know what I say."

"Ah, that 'one thing or another' is worse than the head-ache," returned Frederick. "Hyde, I can see how it is with you. Take my advice;—cut the concern at once, before it is too late—you understand me. A word to the wise is enough; so get up, and we will take a stroll, and you shall have a bottle of soda-water at Jarrin's: they will both do you good. And now that I have escaped dissolution at your hands, let me send your servant to you; but first I will thrust these tell-tales into the drawer."

Burgoyne left the room, and reported that Hyde was afflicted with a slight degree of head-ache.

As soon as he made his appearance, Louisa renewed her former declaration, that as he looked so like an inhabitant of the other world, he should not accompany them to Almack's in the evening.

"By the way, that's true," said Burgoyne: "we must see about our tickets."

Hyde repulsed his sister's playfulness with a "Pshaw! do not be quite so absurd, Louisa."

"My dear Hyde," replied she, "you are getting remarkably odd! However, since you choose to be so high, it will be better to leave you to your meditations:" saying which, she departed.

"Hyde, Hyde," said Burgoyne, "are you not ashamed of yourself?"

Hyde said nothing, but walked to the window, and almost determined upon going to bed again. However, Burgoyne soon succeeded in getting him out; and as they walked towards King street, Hyde disclosed all the particulars of the

last two days to his friend, and received sundry pieces of good advice in return.

Burgoyne, although an expensive man, was no gambler, in the common acceptation of the term. But the advice he gave, our hero had not steadiness to follow; and although many good resolutions were formed, very few, if any, proved stable when put to the test.

On sending up to the assembled conclave of ladies patronesses at Willis's, they, after being kept a reasonable, or rather an unreasonable time, (not without good company, however) received the wished-for answers; and on their return to Cavendish-square, Burgoyne presented Hyde with a little book, which he begged him as a friend to peruse: it was "The Greeks and the Pigeons."*

* The author has not met with this little poem since its first appearance, eight or nine years ago; but he recollects enough of it to make him wish that a further

* * * * * *

Read it, young and incipient gambler, and tremble. Think of what you will become by persisting in the course you have adopted, "even as one of these," and retrace your steps before you are a villain.

* * * * * *

Hyde read it not. Perhaps, had Burgoyne made use of the same strong language we have done, the desired effect might have been obtained. Not that he ever became a villain: in fact, from his vacillating character it was as likely he should get weary of his present pursuits as that he should continue a disciple of the worthy Adonis. "To one thing constant never."

Hyde read not the book. He merely looked at the prints; and seeing a victim of that de-

exposure of the rascality of some leading characters in the gaming world had been made by its author; a "galled jade," as he confesses, but not the less likely to tell truth.

structive passion lying dead on a sofa, with a bloody napkin over his face, having shot himself, and his young and beautiful widow kneeling distracted by his side, he threw the book into the fire, fancying it to contain nothing but horrors.

CHAP. V.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Clau. I hope, he be in love.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

LEAVE we such melancholy themes, and let us talk of love,—a sweeter, though perhaps not less eventful, or sometimes less desperate passion than that of gaming. Hyde, it appears, at present patronized them both; though, poor fellow, he was much more likely to become a pigeon than a Greek.

Lady Georgina and our hero at this time "stood in that relation to each other," as says the author of Waverley, in another novel, "in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced, and which, with the freedoms it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pangs of blighted hope and unrequited attachment;" for "they spoke not then of love, though the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable."

And in this state of feeling, we convey them to Almack's; Hyde first, with his mother and sister, and Burgoyne, an older stager in town than any of the others.

Young and uninitiated votaries, who would, and will be, but have not yet been, at Almack's; and ye unfortunates, who, exiled from the realms of *ton*, or rather, who never did, nor ever will move in these exclusive circles!—for

your benefit, if any such there be who read this work;—for your information we pen these lines, faintly descriptive, we allow, of this celestial empire; second only to that which boasts the rule of Ia Whang Fou, brother to the sun and moon; that of the kingdom of Almack's being conducted by the first cousins only of those brilliant luminaries.

Fancy then, a fine room, though not a very fine room, well lighted, and all that sort of thing, "my quaint Ariel" of a phrase!—filled with the proudest of England's aristocracy, and all the foreigners in town; the *élite* of London's youth and beauty, the essence of good society, the highest, the richest, some few of the poorest, some few of the most agreeable, and very many of the most disagreeable people in Britain;—"all, all of these, and more," could I but describe them, are to be found at Almack's. Then there is rouge, and splendour of dress; and stars are there, and feathers, pearls, and diamonds, eyes of sunny brightness, and locks

hyacinthine. Statesmen there are, and generals,

> Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd.

Milton at Almack's! *There* is something new for you, ye hunters after novelty! And, to proceed,—rather difficult through such a crowd, you will say,—there are exquisitely-dressed men of fashion who come to Almack's without shaving: in other points,—the bosom for instance, and the waist,—they look so much like the softer sex, that were Macbeth to form one of the party, he would exclaim,

> You should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
> That you are so.

Oh! what a motley group ye are, my brother fashionables! How much it were to be wished that you could see yourselves as others see you! then perhaps there might be some chance of your appearing as you ought to be; but alas!

you are so blinded with vanity and conceit! Here, *you* now for instance, that look as if you thought you were nearly related to the Emperor of China just mentioned!—walk with me this way, and behold your brother dandies all taking a sort of pride in making themselves appear silly and ridiculous, by pretending some mental or corporeal deformity. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is no motto of theirs; on the contrary, they wish for another and an opposite reputation.

This one, for instance, displays his folly by affecting cecity, although he can see a dun at half a mile off. That other leads one to suppose that he labours under the affliction of an imperfect palate, by his mock inability to pronounce the R, or that his early articulation has been dreadfully neglected. A third has been born with a stiff neck, and cannot move his head without turning his whole body. A fourth, conspicuous by his dandy head, has a defect in the spine, and wears an unseemly posture. A

fifth lisps; his tongue is therefore too large for his mouth, or he has lost some teeth. A sixth is ill stocked with ideas, and takes snuff by handfuls to supply the deficiency in his barren brain; alas! to no purpose. "A seventh!—I'll see no more,—and lo! an eighth appears, who bears a glass, which shows me many more; and some I see that golden balls and empty numskulls carry."

Almost all our acquaintance were there when the Nugents entered the room: the Malmesbridges soon followed; at least Lady Malmesbridge, and her daughters, and sons, for the marquis seldom went out after leaving the House.

From his late dissipation, our hero looked somewhat pale, though perhaps not the less "interesting," if you like, in the eyes of Lady Georgina: certain it is, however, that, had she known how Hyde had passed the last two nights, he would have sunk very far in her estimation; and there was one in that room,

who waited but a favourable and an unsuspected opportunity of communicating to her, with embellishments, the proceedings of his friend, as he would have styled him. This was no other than Herbert, who, however, did not obtain the wished-for moment to convey the poison to Georgina's ear; and if he had, would have given the intelligence as upon hearsay, from the fear of himself losing the good opinion of the lady, (long lost, alas! for him!) in whose estimation he aimed at depreciating the merits of his rival.

> So a wild Tartar, when he spies
> A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
> If he can kill him, thinks to inherit
> His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
> As if just so much he enjoy'd
> As in another is destroy'd.

But away with all these odious machinations, and let us prepare to tell of the bounding heart

and light step responsive to Colinet's delightful band. Louisa looked beautiful, though, in the eyes of Hyde, she was far surpassed by Lady Georgina, who shone, he thought, pre-eminent in that blaze of beauty. How did his heart beat, as he saw two or three "monstrous fine young men" approach the marchioness and her daughters! They were indeed seldom without their train of satellites. "Lady Georgina," thought Hyde, "cannot surely have forgotten her engagement to me! By my honour, she has though; there's that long fellow, I find, walking off with her. Unexampled assurance! They are coming this way. Much reliance there is to be placed on *her* promise!" &c.

Lady Georgina, leaning on Lord Iford's arm, now approached the Nugents, and introduced her cousin to Louisa, as a person very anxious to dance the first quadrille with her. Louisa would be "very happy:" a bow of recognition passed between the two cousins and Hyde, and

Lord Iford conducted Georgina back to her mother, while a pang of conscious injustice shot across the heart of our hero.

Lord Iford and Nugent soon changed places, both equally satisfied with the arrangement; the former presenting his arm to Louisa, and the latter breaking through the constellation which surrounded the marchioness, to claim the promised hand of her lovely daughter.

"Who the devil's that?" said Lord this to Sir George t'other thing.

"Don't know,—cursed cool! I wonder what he wants there,—new face."

"Oh, it's the same fellow, whose horse stood on end with him in the park t'other day, George! —very near floored."

"Oh, ay,—recollect—not going to get that girl though, *I* can tell him! Lady Gegina!" sauntering carelessly up to her, and making sure of the thing;—"dance—first quadrille?"

Lady Georgina looked amused at this singu-

lar being;—she was engaged. "Engaged! oh, impossible, unhappy that I am!—with whom?"

"Indeed, Sir George, I have no idea of telling you all my engagements, though I'll indulge you this time: I am going to dance with Mr. Nugent."

"Mr. Nugent? who's he? A relation of the Duke of ***'s?" and he raised his glass to scrutinize Nugent, who gave him such a look, that the baronet very soon removed himself to the other end of the room.

"Pray who *is* that oddity?" said Hyde to Lady Georgina.

"Oh, he's a cousin of mine, Sir George Pelham, quite an original."

"So I perceive," said Hyde, "and originally dressed, with that blazing waistcoat, and his low stiff neck-cloth strangling him, and his perpendicular visage."

"Being a part of his dress! Come, come, I will not have him laughed at; he's too great a fool."

"Oh, a good reason! come, I'm glad you allow that. And I suppose you will not let me laugh at Sir Gilbert Opal either, with his rotundity of visage, and his mouth open as usual; —look, I pray you, at the tasteful waistcoat, *Cieux! comme il est divinement beau!*"

"Elizabeth," said Lady Georgina, "do you hear how Mr. Nugent is running on? Pray assist me and stop him, or we shall not have a friend left in the world."

"I hear poor Sir Gilbert going to wreck as usual," said her sister: "*divinement beau*, eh, Mr. Nugent? That puts me in mind of what Prince Rudolstadt said of another friend of mine to Georgina, the other evening." Georgina pinched her sister's arm gently. "He said my friend was *plus beau que l'amour;* you cannot guess whom he meant, Mr. Nugent, can you?"

A deep blush on Nugent's face announced that his vanity had assisted him in applying the

expression to the right person. Georgina's countenance rather seemed to reflect it back; and as Sir Gilbert was now allowed to pass without further comment, we shall remove these "flowers of a kindred" to the gay *parterre*,

When Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

Lady Elizabeth and Lord Frederick Dormer followed, and the marchioness was left talking to Lord Forth and the Marquis of Modbury at the same time.

"Beautiful Lady Georgina," said Hyde, as he conducted her towards the brilliant square that was forming, "I feared,—can you forgive me for doubting you?—I feared that you had engaged yourself to Lord Iford, forgetting the unhappiness you would thereby cause to the deserted Mr. Nugent."

"That Mr. Nugent is unhappy about something," said Lady Georgina, "I can easily perceive; and that he will also be deserted if he

does not talk more sensibly, I take upon myself to pronounce."

"This set is full, Lady Georgina!" said Hyde, "and that odious Miss Plantagenet in it; do let us go to another as fast as possible."

"Why where is Elizabeth? She was to be our *vis-à-vis*. Oh, there they are; she and the elegant Dormer. This set *is* full I perceive, or I positively would not humour you, Mr. Nugent! I fear you are a dreadfully spoiled child. I shall ask Mrs. Nugent if you are not."

"Oh that awfully blue lady! I am sure she is a blue," said Hyde, as they gained the set where Lady Elizabeth and her partner waited for them to fill up the vacuum opposite.

"Although she would not speak of chemistry to you?" said Georgina.

"Oh, she's an atrocious person; I can't bear her."

"We will call her 'La Princesse Bleu,' then," said Georgina, "for she is high enough."

"Admirable! that will do capitally; what an

excellent talent you have at nomenclature, Lady Georgina!"

"How very foolish you are, Mr. Nugent! Did you never read the fairy tale of *Vert et Bleu*?"

"Never."

"Oh, it is a very pretty story; it will just do for the spoiled child. You shall be *Prince Vert*, and Miss Plantagenet *La Princesse Bleu*, as aforesaid."

"Pardon me," said Hyde, "I will not be Mr. Green, or have any thing to do with the blue lady."

"Read the story; I believe we have got it at Malmesbridge House. If you are up by two or three o'clock, come down ——— "

"Up?" exclaimed Hyde, "I would rather not go to bed for a week than miss the opportunity of ——— "

"Dance, if you please, Monsieur Parolles," said Lady Georgina; and the first figure was walked through with the accustomed grace, in

order that the *ballarini* might save themselves for a display in *été*; and this, it must be confessed, is good generalship, for the reserve of strength is thus brought into play with great effect; and the elastic and well-formed ancles, and pretty little feet, are seen bending and turning, glissading and pirouetting,—in short, taking the heart by storm.

Poule requires some exertion also, and is altogether a fatiguing service; indeed, a thoroughpaced young quadriller cares little about any figure after *été.*—***Trenise*** is the deuce; so many *chaînes des dames,* that one is completely weighed down by the heaviness of one's fetters; and such an eternity of *balancez,* that at the conclusion, we know not whether our heads or our heels are more likely to kick the beam. But then, you will say *pastorale* is exploded; true, and fortunate for the rising generation that it is so; as we are credibly informed that it caused the death of some dozens of dandies every year

it lasted. *Finale* we have no objection to; nor, perhaps, have our readers either.

"How very pretty Miss Plantagenet looks this evening!" said Lady Elizabeth, as she passed her sister at the conclusion of the quadrille.

"Beautiful!" responded Georgina.

"Now I declare that is merely to pique me, Lady Georgina," said Hyde; "you do not really think her so pretty."

"I really do; but there is certainly a prettier, a much prettier person in the room."

"Yourself," whispered Hyde.

"Thank you! I deserved the compliment; and now, having set that point at rest, perhaps you will allow me to proceed; though I am afraid I shall make you vain if I mention the person's name; so I will only say, Lord Iford's partner."

"Not the least," said Hyde, laughing; while he secretly pressed the arm that was leaning on

his, in gratitude for the compliment to his sister; "not in the least. She knows she is reckoned like me, and is aware of——"

"Come, come, I will not allow all this conceit, Mr. Nugent!"

"It provokes me to hear Louisa," said Hyde, "always praising the beauty of that Miss Darrell up to the skies. I always feel inclined to preach the old French maxim to her,—*Si une belle femme approuve la beauté d'une autre femme, on peut conclure qu'elle a mieux qu'elle approuve.*"

"Admirable!" said Lady Georgina, smiling; "but," continued she, getting more serious, "that is perhaps meant to apply to me rather than Miss Nugent; if so, I am bound to make you my very best curtsey,—I and my sister also."

Hyde perceived her ladyship's cheeks glowing, and attempted to mend matters. "Lady Georgina," said he, "you have indeed misconstrued me."

"No, no, Mr. Nugent, I am not slow at discovering an indirect attack," interrupted she: "you really then think me very vain, and that I merely give another person her just due, to elicit a compliment for myself? Really I am bound to thank you for your good opinion."

"The lady's rather fiery," thought Hyde, and he again attempted to speak.

"Hear me, Mr. Nugent, for I will not be interrupted," said Lady Georgina, for all her spirit was roused: "it is a duty I owe my whole sex, to ask you, the representative of despotic man, how women are to speak of each other, and escape censure? If we unhappily are asked our opinion of one whom we cannot, with any regard to truth, call handsome, you say, 'One woman never will allow another to possess beauty;' if, on the contrary, we are requested, or if we give our opinion, without being asked, of a decidedly pretty woman, Miss Plantagenet for instance," and her ladyship's beautiful mouth relaxed into a smile, "we are im-

mediately snapped at with some sharp French maxim by some young gentleman lately from the university, though, by the bye, I thought your studies at Oxford leaned another way."

Hyde was beginning to get rather piqued at the warm manner in which his partner had chosen to take up the cause of the whole sex, but her amicable conclusion restored him to good humour.

" If all were as zealous champions of the sex as your ladyship——"

His speech would have been very fine, we have no doubt, but unfortunately it was interrupted by the approach of Prince Scintillanti, who asked Lady Georgina to dance the next quadrille, and began to converse in Italian.

Hyde begged to know, however, if he was forgiven, before he surrendered her up to a happier man; and in pressing for his pardon, also pressed the hand that still reposed on his arm, *cette belle main!* which answered with the slightest possible degree of increased weight;

fair readers, you understand me; and my offences in disclosing these little secrets must be replied to by you, as Hyde's entreaties were replied to by the touch of Lady Georgina's beautiful white wrist, which plainly said, *Je te pardonne tout.*

What delight was Nugent's, as he listened to the voluptuous, soft Italian, as it flowed from the ruby lips of Georgina, in fluent converse with Prince Scintillanti, made more melodious and rich by the added harmony of her delicious speaking voice!

But let us inquire how the rest of the Nugent party have been engaged during this time; and answer ourselves, as we indeed must.

Burgoyne, who had come from the Nugents' house with them, ought to have asked Louisa to dance, but he seldom figured in the gay quadrille; he had, in fact, though a most graceful dancer, a sort of contempt for the occupation; and as he was a man who prided himself upon never falling in love, (a thing which he always

quizzed Hyde about) he never was obliged to seek the resource of a quadrille to procure him the society of any woman he might take a fancy to for one or two evenings, as other men do; and although he was certainly far from *l'ennemi du beau sexe*, he always held that a man had his own passions under control, and that to be *éperdument amoureux* argued a weak mind, and a pitiful disposition.

With these sentiments, he was at a loss to account for an unpleasing sensation which he experienced at seeing Louisa, who certainly did look very beautiful, standing up to dance with Lord Iford, and engaged in an apparently agreeable conversation; nor could he say why he was tempted to go up to her side, and endeavour to draw her attention from her partner;—an attempt which he in fact made, but which proved vain; though this, had talent of conversation, or a pleasing manner of saying graceful nothings, been to decide the affair, he would have had very little difficulty in doing. But

Louisa had too great a sense of propriety, and a knowledge of what was due to her partner, lord or commoner, to give her conversation to any other, however high might have been his rank, or fascinating his manner. Burgoyne, in person as well as abilities, had far the advantage of Lord Iford, but he nevertheless found that she was not to be diverted from the path of propriety; and he was forced inwardly to confess that she rose proportionably in his opinion. "Perhaps," said he in a low tone, as he left her, "perhaps, when this quadrille is finished, you may confer the honour of your hand on a humbler candidate."

Louisa thought the proud glance of his eagle eye belied the humility his tongue professed.

"There *is* something," she thought, "in that look that thrills through me. I cannot divest myself of the indescribable sensation it always causes.——Never, never!" and she shuddered slightly as some sudden idea shot through her mind.

What this idea was, must rest a secret for ever, for she was obliged to move through the figure of the dance, and the current of her thoughts soon turned into another channel. As a boy, there had been always something in the fierce character of Burgoyne's eyes, to which Louisa attached the appellation of "fearful," though it was by no means indicative of fear in the person himself; but she always thought that it bespoke an overbearing and passionate disposition, which he had, in fact, often evinced, though his great strength of mind enabled him to conquer and keep under control all quarrelsome feelings: witness the peaceable life he had led at Oxford and elsewhere, and the amicable sentiments which subsisted between himself and Nugent, whose vacillating and undecided disposition often occasioned great annoyance to his friend. Waltzing was "done" in all its graces of perfection, and *gaucheries* of imperfection. Bridgewater and Miss Montague shone, as did Count Tourbillon and Miss Tetotum, with many

others, too numerous to mention. A quadrille succeeded, in which Herbert inflicted himself upon Lady Georgina Capel, Lord Iford danced with Lady Elizabeth, and Burgoyne with Louisa Nugent, whose lady mother, from the excellence of her dinners, and the good reputation of one or two parties she had given in Cavendish-square, wanted not the attendance of several beaux of the very first water; that is to say, she had it. In a short time Hyde joined Bridgewater, who having finished his dancing for that evening, as he thought all women flat after *la belle Montague*,—they strolled round the room, and were soon encountered by Herbert, who, although he hated Hyde in his heart for supplanting him, as he chose to think, in the good graces of Georgina, behaved in the blandest and most deceitfully kind manner whenever they chanced to meet.

" Nugent, you look very dissipated this evening; or, as your friend Mr. Millefleurs said of you, ' cursed seedy.' Did you not

meet him in Bond-street, or somewhere, yesterday?"

Hyde confessed he had been raking, and asked where Bridgewater had seen Adonis.

"I dined in company with him to-day at Lord Tarbarrel's; at least, he gave us a dinner at Stevens's," replied the captain: "Mr. Millefleurs, I thought, bid fair to be very particularly drunk when I left the party, which was getting rather uproarious. He said he was coming here, but I am glad he has not made such an idiot of himself. He had got hold of some Dutchman, Hotch or Hoche, or something of the kind, whom he proposed bringing to Almack's, though I doubt his being the sort of man who would stand a chance of a subscription. But I should think the bold baron must have by this time borne Adonis off the field."

"I'm devilish glad he is not here," said Hyde; "for Mr. Millefleurs is a most disagreeable fellow when he is 'far gone.'"

"I should like to know who is not!" said Bridgewater: "no, no; Millefleurs drunk, and Hotch sober even, are no people for Almack's."

"How did you come off at Crockford's last night, Nugent?" said Herbert: "I fancy you and Millefleurs had been playing before I met you. I was cleared out, regularly done; but you seemed to be winning in great style."

Bridgewater looked by no means surprised at this intimation of his young friend's having been in a gambling-house; for, to say the truth, he was often in one himself, though not a deep player. He was, in fact, a man that was every where, and in every thing, and might be seen at the club in the morning as the well-dressed man of fashion, and a few hours afterwards in a white coat and red neckcloth, looking in at the Fives' Court. He would be attending a pigeon match, for he was a capital shot, patronizing the queer castor and shooting-jacket at noon,

and at four or five might be seen cantering round Hyde Park on a rare bit of blood, for he had his brother the guardsman's horses while that personage was at Paris; or he might be descried in Bond-street with half his body in at the carriage-window of some high-born or beautiful dame, talking over the last night's party, regardless of the peril to which his extended symmetrical leg, with Hoby boot, and bright persuader, was every minute exposed from the reckless and headlong career of the sundry carriages that passed; at least, those that had extricated themselves from the crowd at Cooper's, Redmayne's, &c. &c.

"Ah, Capel," said he, as Lord Henry came up, "how did you escape?" for they had dined together at Stevens's, with Lord Tarbarrel.

"Oh, I gave them the slip very soon after you," replied he: "I wonder where the Dutchman, Van Hodge Podge, or whatever his atrocious name is, and Millefleurs will find themselves

in the morning. I never saw a man so drunk as Millefleurs in my life: but he'll be all right again by this time, for he gets drunk and sober every now and then by turns. I say, look at Canrichard, Bridgewater; curse me if I'd be so toadied. How the devil some of those fellows manage to get in here puzzles me."

"Oh, by the way, you know Tarbarrel," continued Lord Henry, "do you not? I thought every body knew him. He's a devilish good fellow at bottom, though he does get riotous occasionally: by the bye, that was not a bad pun about him in the John Bull. What a severe tie you've patronized to-night, Bridgewater. Is that the naval tie? Tarbarrel doesn't wear that sort of thing at all; though he 'does sailor' all the summer: besides, you've shaved, and I'm sure he hasn't to-day."

"Why, you know," said Bridgewater, "the glass in which the youth did dress himself is broken; therefore you cannot wonder that he's

'bearded like the pard.' The man's 'floored, and done up,' as Millefleurs would say,—you know whom I mean,—and off to France."

"Oh, then Tarbarrel will have no more *reflections*. Ha, ha, ha!"

Herbert now took Nugent's arm.

"Come, Nugent," said he, "you and I are the sober ones to-night; let us take a tour."

Both studiously avoided mentioning Lady Georgina, though the thoughts of both were running in that direction.

"What a beautiful creature Lady Edinburgh is!" said Hyde. "Is her husband here?"

"Husband!—Oh, husband—yes; there he is, talking to Lord St. Columb."

"Lord St. Columb! What of him?"

"Why, he's speaking to Lord Edinburgh. Did you not ask about his wife?"

"Whose wife?"

"Lord Edinburgh's."

"I was not thinking of her."

"Were you not? nor I; but never mind,

Nugent, our thoughts will wander sometimes."

After they had wandered about for some time, during which the guardsman had talked incessantly, Hyde was beginning to wish his companion at the devil, and Herbert, tiring of an uncongenial spirit, as he found Hyde that evening in particular, shook him off, and went to speak to Nottingham Stanhope, and Devonshire Brown, whom he perceived laughing, and quizzing some one with great glee, in a corner of the room. They, not observing the guardsman's approach, walked off, and were soon lost amidst the crowd: Herbert, therefore, came back, and resumed our hero's arm for a few minutes.

"Come and get some coffee, Nugent," said he, yawning; "it will wake us, and certainly not hurt our nerves so much as that cursed shrill music. There's Rolles talking to Lady Harriet Harlington; he has been dancing with her, I suppose, and hopes to see his name in the Morn-

ing Post, with yours and mine, to-morrow, as observed amongst the dancers. Do you know Langdon of ours? Come here and I'll introduce you to him. Poor fellow, he was black-balled at * * *'s the other day for drawing a caricature. It wasn't a caricature in point of fact; it was nothing but a dream, a vision 'of the heat-oppressed brain.' Devilish hard! a man must do something to assassinate the time when he's on guard; and if they will send us to all sorts of abominable places, what upon earth are we to do? The fellows at * * *'s little think of our melancholy state, 'when absent from all that our souls hold most dear;' eh, Nugent?"

The introduction over, and the coffee drunk, Hyde, tired to death, and his head ready to split, joined his mother and sister, and having ascertained that they would go as soon as there was a possibility of getting the carriage, he went up to the Marchioness of Malmesbridge, talked a few minutes with her, waited till the Duke of Rippon, whom he saw approaching, took off her

attention from him, saw Lady Elizabeth engaged with Prince Rudolstadt, who, as usual, was on that evening particularly assiduous in his attentions to the Malmesbridge party; and then told Lady Georgina, who was just deserted by Lord Iford, that he would call next day for the fairy tale: not that he must be supposed so childish as to take delight in trumpery of the kind, but it was a good excuse for a visit; and although the visit was not made at least on the next day, it was nevertheless intended, which with Hyde nearly amounted to the same thing; for his intentions seldom were fulfilled, and those who depended upon him were generally obliged to take the will for the deed.

There was, Hyde thought, a peculiar expression of pleasure in Lady Malmesbridge's countenance at this time; and to give a reason for it, it is necessary to explain that Lord Iford had, after surrendering up Louisa Nugent to her lady mother, and pronouncing that Georgina had escaped from Herbert, who however

threatened a return, attached himself to their party, where he remained nearly the whole of the evening at Georgina's request, making himself the means of keeping off a disagreeable person. Iford was a relation, and happy to obey orders: a cousin is such a convenient article! You can keep him by your side, and say you're engaged, if any atrocious person asks you to dance, and thus wait for the right man, a quadrille with the cousin being always a resource in case of being driven to extremities by "the right man's" not making his appearance; and this without the least scandal attaching to it; for you know, fair ones! the old French song.

Now the marchioness, — this is an awful figure of speech, threatening infliction; is it not, reader?—now the marchioness had, at the commencement of the season, given Iford to Georgina. To be sure they were first cousins, and had been brought up almost as brother and

sister; but then through an oversight in the canonical law, it was allowable, and a thing that was done every day. The heir to the dukedom of Bolingbrook, and his superb fortune, though not half as great as that of some of the other nobles, was, she thought, no bad match for her daughter: besides, there were not many dukes, nor dukes' eldest sons to be had, and those that were disposable were cautious and poor. As for Elizabeth, the marchioness had so many matches for her in her eye, that the poor girl was likely to have none.

Georgina had been made choice of by her mother for Iford, not only because she thought there was a greater partiality on his side for her than her sister, but because from her *esprit*, good sense, and good temper, (in all of which qualities except the latter, for Elizabeth in temper was an angel) she was better calculated to fix and make happy a man of a confessedly wandering and undecided turn of mind, as un-

fortunately Lord Iford was ; for in this respect he laboured under the same affliction as our friend Hyde.

But Georgina was not likely by any means to submit to having the handkerchief thrown at her. She would never have married Iford, even had he wished or desired it, which was far from being the case; and she was besides determined, when she did marry, that her husband should be a man of her own choice, and not of her mother's. Not that she would have flown in the face of her parents, and made an imprudent match; but she had no idea of being hawked about, and sold to the highest bidder. Neither had she any thoughts of her cousin, but *as* a cousin ; he was not the sort of man she would have liked to make her partner for life, although he was a very pleasant one in a quadrille; and to do Lord Iford justice, he dreamed not that his *petits soins*, as they might literally be termed, would have been construed into any thing but what they were meant for.

It is hard, however, for a titled, young, unmarried man, to give his attention to a young lady without raising a hope in the bosom of her mother, for which, perhaps, there does not exist the slightest foundation.

Lady Malmesbridge had lately brought the parties a good deal together, but they were as far from coming to a negociation as they had been that day ten years. However, on this evening, as she spoke to the Duke of Rippon, and saw Iford and Lady Georgina talking and smiling, she thought in her own mind, "*Tout va bien!* all will yet be as I wish."

"Love's a capricious power," says Lord Byron, who certainly knew something about the gentleman. "I have known him," adds he, "hold out through a fever caused by his own heat, and yet be much puzzled with a cold or cough. In fact," he concludes,

> "Against all noble maladies he's bold,
> But vulgar illnesses he will not meet."

Now Hyde Nugent had a terrible head-ache,

and deservedly arising from the dissipation of two nights; and though we deny that he was one bit less in love with Georgina than he had been from the first evening on which he saw her, (nay he was more, a thousand times,) yet it is very probable that he feared the ill effects his present dolorous appearance might have upon her ladyship, who, he was not without a hope from certain symptoms, beheld him with eyes of affection. It was therefore, we think, not surprising that he should hurry his mother and sister away, both of whom had begun to feel symptoms of weariness. In fact, all the world seemed on the move, sick of the eternal screams of fiddles and wind instruments, the twanging of the harp, and the coarser sounds of the bass viol; sounds which fell so sweetly on the ear, when, in the beginning of the evening, they possessed the charm of novelty, and thrilled the lover of music and dancing with their delightful, soul-inspiring harmony; now, how monotonously they met the palled sense,

although their strains were no less melodious than at the commencement!

Tired, dissipated, and more than half of the apparently gay disgusted and disappointed with one thing or other, (which is always the case, if they would confess it,) that part which patronized Almack's of the

> ——— Twice two thousand people bred
> By no means to be very wise or witty,
> But to sit up while others lie in bed,
> And look down on the universe with pity,

now bethought themselves of retiring to their beds also; the fair and more ethereal beings at least, which constituted the essence of that brilliant assembly,—the younger ladies! colour had deserted their fair cheeks, while the elders still beamed "in less transitory hues," though they did not show quite so fresh as the morning rose. The gentlemen yawned and shivered, as the ladies took, some an affectionate leave of each other, as if they parted for the last time, which

you might be led to suppose, did you not hear them add, as with fan in hand they tie their cloaks under their dear little chins,—"We shall see you to-morrow at Lady St. James's,—good night! good night!" a colloquy which is cut short by "The duchess of Blazeington's carriage stops the way!" being roared out in a less sweet voice, and then the din, and clatter, and cutting, and swearing,—oh ye gods!

But now the "rank, beauty, and fashion," are hurled through the squares and streets, listless and fagged, to their respective homes; some fallen in love, and others cured; some burning with jealousy, and others deeper in the passion which the last ball only began; some who "see through it, he has meant nothing all this time then, but he shall find I am not breaking my heart about him," &c.

I would,—(for in speaking of all affairs of the heart, I use the first person singular, and not plural, especially when the fair are concerned)

—I would, I say then, ask half, or two-thirds of the young ladies of rank and fashion, if they ever left town at the end of a campaign without feeling the pangs of disappointment, and pronouncing in their own hearts the season to have turned out *bien autre chose* from what, with high hopes, they had anticipated; and if they put their hands on those sensitive hearts, and candidly confess the truth to me, it would be but an echo of what I have already said. But they would not. Their secrets are safer, they think, in their own keeping than in mine, *mais je suis discret.* Even as a season, so is an Almack's ball. Not that the fair must think the gentlemen are without their disappointments and disgusts, but their hearts and minds are made of sterner stuff; besides, a little field for the exercise of their philosophy is very proper now and then, or they might be too happy.

And thus (as before we digressed, we were busy in description) was Hyde wasting his

time, and passing his days,—*ces jours qui echappent, et qui ne reviennent plus.* His first two visits to the gaming-table were but the precursors to a run of play—a regular career, his losses in which (and they were not small) were rendered doubly severe by the brilliant success with which he had commenced it.

It had been his firm intention, as he thought, to lose back all the money he had won, and play no more. The drafts and I. O. U.s he never presented for payment, though some of the givers (and they were men of high rank and reputed fortune) insisted upon his receiving the money. In vain; he never would. This to some few of my readers may seem absurd: the fact happens, however, to be true; and, indeed, if they consider the strictness of Mr. Nugent's principles, his absolute abhorrence of gaming, the rigid injunctions Hyde had ever heard given against it, and the upright and honourable ideas

he had been educated with, his conduct will cease with all to be matter of surprise. What a pity it is that he had not sufficient strength of mind to enable him to carry his good resolutions into effect; and when he had lost all his winnings, which he did in as short a time as could have been desired by the most sanguine mind, *en pareil cas*, that he did not stop, and say to Crockford's, "Adieu, thou dreary pile!" for ever. The conflict was great in his bosom, but he had now gone too far with Millefleurs and his gang, among which were several persons whom we have not introduced to the reader, worthy disciples of their great master. He had passed the Rubicon, and he seemed to think that all hopes of tranquillity were now at an end. He had lost a considerable sum of money, and a desperate push was now to be made to recover his losses. He drove thought away with champagne, and got every day deeper into habits of play. But we must

conclude this chapter, and remind our hero that he owes a visit to Malmesbridge House, where he did not go for nearly a week after meeting Lady Georgina at Almack's, so much did he dread lest she should read in his countenance signs of the extent of his delinquency.

CHAP. VI.

Sweet is the song of birds.

BYRON.

IT is extraordinary, and may appear a little paradoxical, that young Nugent, his heart filled with the liveliest passion for a beautiful woman, sparkling with all the powerful *agrémens* of wit, youth, rank, and wealth, could have sought or derived pleasure from a course of gambling, or an association with a set of men in every way beneath him. In former and more chivalrous times, such conduct would have risked the loss of spurs to knight, and been decreed an outrage

upon all the usages of high feeling and lady-love; but in these degenerate days, such things *do* certainly often happen, and we are sorry for it. It was, we have said, nearly a week before Hyde again saw Lady Georgina; how he had been engaged in the mean time we have also already explained. Not that it must be supposed he forebore to accompany his mother and sister to some few parties; for this he did, though without the slightest expectation of deriving pleasure from the thing, but merely to prevent any suspicion of the truth. Often did he make his servant sit up for him, and let him in at four, five, and six o'clock in the morning, on his return from St. James's-street.

Burgoyne in the mean time preferred the society of Louisa to that of her brother, who seldom now saw him except at dinner, and for an hour or two in the evening. In about three weeks after his arrival in town, Frederick took lodgings in Holles-street, by way of being near the Nugents, as he found that his living en-

tirely in Cavendish-square would look particular, and might be inconvenient to the family; so, as he was not a marrying man, he prudently retreated from the house, only breakfasting and dining with them, and remaining all day.

However, on Monday it was absolutely requisite that the two gentlemen should be at Tattersal's, and as they had before called at Malmesbridge House together after a similar occupation, the precedent was followed by the like routine. How often is this the case!

The ladies were at home, and in their becoming morning-dresses; wonderful! as if they should be in their evening costume! *n'importe.* We say they were in their morning dresses, which, made by London *artistes*, and scientifically put on, though without coquetry, (for there may be pedantry in dress as well as in learning) their faultless figures set them off to the greatest advantage.

The marchioness and Lady Elizabeth, however, were the only two of the party visible;

Lady Georgina being but audible, as she had been turned into the next room to perform the ear-killing operation of tuning her harp; and the folding doors between the apartments being half open, the sounds still penetrated into the reception-room.

"Mr. Nugent," said Lady Malmesbridge, "I am glad to see you, after your long absence; that is, I should be, if I could look up from this work, for I am become very notable, as you see. There is one finger for you." And a very pretty finger it was, adorned with diamond and pearl rings, which (the finger, and not the rings) Hyde most gallantly dropped on one knee to kiss.

"No, no, that is more than I intended!" exclaimed the marchioness laughing. "Mr. Burgoyne, I must afford you my whole hand; you have been a shorter time in town, and will be less civil."

"Your ladyship is infinitely condescending," said Burgoyne in the same tone, as he took the

proffered hand, "and duly appreciates my ratio of good breeding."

"You perceive, Lady Malmesbridge," said Hyde, "he has not yet been able to divest himself of his Oxford slip-slop."

"Where is Lady Georgina?" asked Burgoyne of her sister.

Twang, twang, sounded from the other room.

"Do you not hear the old harper?" said Lady Elizabeth; "we have absolutely turned her out of the room, *vi et armis*, self and harp."

"Well construed!" said Hyde; "I declare you are getting quite blue, Lady Elizabeth."

The young lady rose, and curtsied primly, adding, with a smile, "Thank you, sir. I would make a set speech of *reconnoissance*, but that the bullfinches and Georgina are trying which shall make most noise, and would drown my voice."

"Yes," said Hyde, "they are *vie*-ing with each other."

"Oh, you incorrigibly bad punster!"

"*A propos des bas bleus.* I have a request to make," said Hyde, rising, and going into the next room without the least ceremony. A brilliant chord from the harp now announced that all the disagreeable part of the business was over, save and except the shrill piping of the bullfinches.

"I hear a female Apollo, or a Lady Jubal," said Burgoyne, as Georgina struck two or three flourishing bars upon her magnificent treble-action Erard.

"You would scarcely have said so five minutes ago," replied the marchioness; "especially if you had still the shrill clangor of the five thousand charity children at St. Paul's ringing in your ears. For Dr. * * * persuaded us to go there yesterday; and my poor head does ache so dreadfully, that I absolutely dread the thoughts of Bochsa's coming here, which he will very soon do."

"Or, Mr. Burgoyne," said Elizabeth, "if you had the notes of Pasta still haunting you

from Saturday night's opera, as I have—oh! that magnificent voice!—and Georgina has nearly put them all to flight."

Screep, screep, screep! whee—ee! too, too, too! whee, whoo, whee, teereyoo—oo! chee-woowoowoo, &c. thrilled through and through the astonished nerves.

"Oh, how I do wish those bullfinches and canary birds were put to flight!" said the marchioness: "Georgina, you are a decided old maid, with all those horrid birds: you only want a parrot and a pug to complete your establishment."

"Ah, there's something wrong again," said Elizabeth, as a rather discordant note was sounded.

"Give me the harp," said Hyde to Georgina, as he entered the musical aviary: "give me the harp, and let us change characters. You shall be Eurydice, and I will be Orpheus, come to charm you *hors d'enfer*."

"*Pas si tôt, pas si tôt, Monsieur Orphée!*"

said Georgina; "I must finish this frightful thing on four flats before Bochsa comes. This tiresome B string! Do give it a screw up for me;——oh! the wrong string! Monster! give me the key, and leave the Tartarean regions."

"It will be merely going out of one hell into another," thought Hyde, as the idea of where he should be that evening flashed across his mind; "or rather from Paradise into Pandemonium."

Lady Georgina now essayed to tune the B string herself; and as her delicate white hand, with its blue veins showing under their transparent covering, bent over the arch of the instrument, the presumptuous Hyde profaned it with his lips.

It was the first, first delicious kiss of love; and although only the hand of the adored object had been pressed by those lips, never was the effect of an electric shock more quickly felt, as

the ravishing delirium of the touch ran through each nerve and vein. He was too happy, though too daring.

Lady Georgina blushed, but not in anger, though her blue eyes beamed upon him with something like a half-reproachful look; and Hyde, fearing he had offended, took the hand his lips had touched, and slightly pressing it, whispered with an imploring look, "Pardon me, beautiful creature!"

Georgina spoke not; at the moment she felt it impossible; and Hyde, to dissipate the awkwardness of feeling on both sides, threw down a whole set of music-books, while her ladyship with great assiduity untuned half-a-dozen of the strings she had previously brought into perfect harmony.

"What are you doing there?" said the marchioness: "Master Nugent, there's sure to be mischief where you are. Pray, Mr. Burgoyne, go and bring the young gentleman to order, or

bring him here rather, for Georgina has to practise for her master."

Burgoyne had his senses about him, and gave his friend as much time as he could. On joining the youthful pair, he said, "Lady Georgina, I am sent by the marchioness to take away this incorrigible torment from you, though I fear I shall have some difficulty in withdrawing him from such harmonious society."

Lady Georgina laughed at the idea of harmony, as she happened at the moment to elicit a most discordant chord, from As, Bs, and Cs, half notes and whole notes intermixed, her foot being on the wrong pedal, and the instrument most deplorably out of tune.

"Oh, Mr. Burgoyne! pray do not let him stop one moment; he has thrown down all my music, and put my harp out of all hope of recovery. *You* may stay as long as you please, because you will be quiet, though there is no great inducement, I confess. Pray how are Miss Nugent,

and Mrs. Nugent, how are they? Mr. Nugent, why don't you tell me about your mother and sister?"

"The first time your ladyship has inquired," said Hyde: "but Burgoyne knows a great deal more about them than I do. Did you not breakfast in Cavendish-square this morning? I wonder how you manage to get your eyes open at such a preposterous hour, after being up all night, as you generally are. You do look terribly rakish, to be sure!"

"Of the two, I should say Mr. Nugent was the greater rake; at least if I may judge from appearances," observed Lady Georgina.

"Thank you, thank you, Lady Georgina!" said Burgoyne; "this young gentleman sometimes requires a tight curb; and I should find him beyond my power without the assistance of a little lady-like correction, which he receives at his sister's hands occasionally, and, I am happy to find, at yours also."

"Lady Georgina!" said Hyde, "do you recollect promising me a certain book the other night at Almack's, in reward for my being a good boy; or rather,—no, it was because I was a spoiled child?"

"A good reason for a reward!" observed Frederick.

"Allow me to put your ladyship in mind of the promise," said Hyde.

"I remember saying something about it," replied Lady Georgina; "but I have been looking it over since, and I shall not give it you."

"Why?" said Hyde, getting more eager for the fairy-tale.

"Because there are one or two things ——" and she stopped, and coloured slightly.

"Oh, I declare I will have it," said Hyde, going to a bookcase: "let me see, *Vert et Bleu*, is it not? Oh, here it is, lying on the table."

Lady Georgina flew across the room, and took the book out of his hand.

"You shall not have it, I declare."

And a struggle ensued between the pair, in which Burgoyne interfered, and rescuing the precious volume, gave it to Lady Georgina, who tore out two pages and threw them in the fire.

"There, now you may read it," said she, half-laughing, and half-blushing; the former at her success, and the latter at being surprised into such a piece of hoydenism, not decreased by the fear of misconstruction on the part of Burgoyne and Hyde, who might have supposed she had an improper book in her library. But there is nothing in reality in the tale that a young lady might not read, though there is certainly a line or two which the fair sex might be unwilling that gentlemen should read in their presence.

And now, as reflection hastened upon her, she almost repented having torn out the two leaves, fearing that the natural frailty of human nature would make the gentlemen think the shrivelled and black ghosts of the *feuilles détachées*, as they fluttered in "thin air," scarcely thinner

themselves, on the back of the fire,—were of a worse character than living they had deserved. But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Lady Georgina was angry with Hyde for finding the book, and the tear was near starting into her eye, when Burgoyne said he had read the story, and could guess the passage her ladyship had objected to Nugent's seeing, who however laughed and put the volume in his pocket.

Georgina desired him not to run away with the book, but read some parts which applied to the lady they had been speaking of; and comforted by the recent assurance of Burgoyne, she re-assumed her good humour. Burgoyne was let into the secret (not a very important one) of their having named Miss Plantagenet *la Princesse Bleu,* and pointing out one or two passages to Hyde, told him to read them. A servant here entered with a message from Mr. Bochsa, to say he could not come, as he was taken suddenly ill.

"Oh, that's delightful!" said Hyde; "now

you will give us some music of your own, then."

"Do you hear that, mamma?" cried Lady Georgina: "Bochsa cannot come this morning: he is ill,—he has got a head-ache, I suppose."

"He is certainly more likely to gain himself one than cure mine," said Lady Malmesbridge: "but he has a new *ballet* to bring out to-morrow, which I suppose is the reason he cannot come; though he might leave it to D'Egville. *Mais tant mieux!* I shall be more equal to encountering your lesson on Wednesday."

The trio now joined Lady Elizabeth and the marchioness, who however soon went up stairs to get some lavender drops, and did not re-appear till the gentlemen had taken their leave, which by the bye was not for nearly an hour.

Hyde had, however, lost his place during this conversation, and ran heedlessly on into another of Madame de la Force's tales: "*Je pose mon palais dans les forêts, au bord de la mer, quand la fantaisie m'en prend; je cours d'un bout du*

pôle à l'autre, j' habite une fois les Indes, je vais en Asie, je revole en Europe; et toujours faisant de nouvelles amours, je ne m'arrête qu'autant de temps qu'elles durent, et c'est bien peu."

The two ladies raised their voices at once:—"Oh you terrible, horrid character! Inconstancy personified!"

Hyde laughed, and declared it was not his own character, but that of one of their friends, that he was reading, no other than Count Tourbillon!

"Oh! poor Miss Tetotum!" exclaimed Lady Elizabeth; "how I pity her! what a lover she has got!"

"I thought those could not be the attributes of Prince Vert!" said Burgoyne.

"But come, let us hear something of him and Madame Bleu;—the lady who turns the clouds from their original colour by her presence!"

Hyde found the former place, and read, "*Il y avoit une fois une reine*——"

Lady Georgina stopped him.

"Oh you have no occasion to read that, or to begin the story at all—there—read from that down to that;" pointing to the places. "Now mind, this is Miss Plantagenet."

Hyde recommenced:—

"*Sublime donna tous ses soins*—and who is *Sublime?*"

"Oh, the fairy of course."

"But who shall it be?"

"I know of no other sublime but the Sublime Porte," said Elizabeth; "it must be Foley Ogle."

"Well, Foley Ogle, *soit donc*," said her sister; "though he looks more like the Ogre Insacio, *qui veut posséder toutes les richesses de la terre, c'est la seule passion qui occupe son cœur.*"

"Oh, no," cried Nugent, "that's my great aunt Wetherby, I'm sure, and no one else! It must have been drawn from her, or *for* her rather."

"Read on, you undutiful great nephew!"

Hyde made another attempt :—

" *Sublime donna tous ses soins à faire que l'âme de la princesse fût aussi belle que son corps étoit parfait ; elle eut la satisfaction de la voir dignement répondre à ses espérances. Bleu avoit le plus grand esprit de la terre ; elle fut embellie de toutes les belles connoissances.* —Blue all over, indeed ! *et, à la noire science près, elle n'ignoroit rien. Elle avoit autant de raison que d'esprit. La fée lui confia le sort qu'il lui falloit éviter.*"

" Which meant that she was not to make a bad match," said Georgina.

" No, I think there's no fear of that," said Hyde, " if she marries Sir Gilbert Opal, for it will be something excessively good. *Mais allons toujours. 'L'orgueil de la princesse —'* capital, that *is* excellent, quite in character— *'la poussoit naturellement à son heureux destin; trouvant dans ses sentimens, qu'il ne lui seroit pas aisé de s'accommoder d'un prince.'*"

The party burst out into a most ill-bred peal of laughter. The character was so exactly that of the Plantagenet:

Hyde continued :—" *trouvant dans ses sentimens qu'il ne lui seroit pas aisé de s'accommoder d'un prince, comme étoit la plupart de ceux qu'on voyoit sur la terre.* Then follows something about a Magician Ziphis, and his son Zelindor, *prince qui étoit bien fait, et avoit tant de belles qualités que,* &c. &c."

" And he turns out in fact," said Georgina, " to be the rival of Prince Vert, the *ver*itable *amant de la Princesse Bleu.*"

" Oh, that is Opal then, I suppose," said Hyde, " Monsieur Vert—ah, here he is, I have him, *le voilà! 'son visage étoit gai et riant, les grâces y avoient répandu tous leurs charmes.'* "

Another laugh succeeded, as the unmeaning face and open mouth of Sir Gilbert struck upon their recollection.

"*Bleu se perdoit dans l'examen d'un homme si parfait ; elle y trouva un poison mortel pour son cœur !* Poor Miss Plantagenet!"

A thundering knock at the door, as a carriage drove up and stopped, prevented all further reading.

"There, there, there," said Lady Georgina, "put Sir Gilbert and Miss Plantagenet in your pocket, and ——"

"Not at home! not at home!" said Lady Elizabeth to a servant on the stairs: "I am sure my mother is not equal to receiving people to-day."

"*Bon!*" said Burgoyne: "and now, though we will not recommence the fairy-tale, let me constitute you *la Princesse Bleu* on this occasion, Lady Georgina, and—lend me the book, Hyde, for my memory fails—myself, I would constitute *une des jeunes princesses qui proposa tout bas à Bleu—pas à bas bleu—de leur permettre de faire un concert pour achever la cé-*

rémonie. Though I must take the liberty of changing the performer from myself to your ladyship or your sister."

Lady Georgina could not refuse; and Hyde, looking at the book over Frederick's shoulder, said, "*L'aimable Bleu sourit, et lui dit qu'elle le trouvoit bon.*"

L'aimable Bleu, as the gentlemen now dubbed Lady Georgina, did smile, and she with the assistance of her sister made music *à ravir.* The harp and piano-forte were put in requisition, and two or three delightful concertos performed, which were followed by a song from Georgina, illustrating, *à la vérité,* the beautiful lines of Cowper,—

The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still:

and these lines Burgoyne repeated, when "the

charming strife" was finished, to the delight of Lady Elizabeth and Georgina, the former of whom was a great admirer of poetry.

"Oh! what a beautiful idea!" said she, "'the treasure of sweet sounds!' 'the touch *shakes out!*' It reminds me of the Peri at the gate of Paradise, shaking and spreading light from her wings."

"It is very beautiful," said Burgoyne, "but I am afraid you have found us most tormenting during this visitation."

"Oh *no!*" said Georgina, "it has been the most delightful morning I ever passed." Hyde's eyes met hers, and his mind echoed her words. They parted, and our hero finished his fairy-tale at home.

CHAP. VII.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?

MOORE.

READER, we must now convey you to other scenes, less gay, indeed, than those we leave, but not to us less interesting. We are, in fact, of a melancholy temperament, and prefer a country life to that of cities and "the busy hum of men," and sorry are we that we cannot afford time to remain long absent from town,

whence, could we but withdraw Georgina Capel and one or two others, we should leave little there to regret.

But, reader, have you forgotten the wild, the gay, the innocent, and beautiful Augusta St. Quentin? We hope not. We trust she has still a place in your memory, though wild and gay no more. Of her we are about to speak, and take shame to ourselves that she has by us, as by others, been so long neglected.

Hyde Nugent, methinks thou art a sad fellow! It is, however, impossible for us to tell what might or might not have been the subjects of your converse with that lovely girl, in your many rides and walks about the beautiful grounds of Dane's Court and Nugent Hall: whether *la belle passion* furnished the interesting topic, or whether you were urged by a romantic gallantry to paint a passion which you did not truly feel, and thus tamper with a heart you knew to be but too much your own; and if you did, whether you were not actuated by a vain, so-

phisticated motive, which prompted you to soothe the breast, that must, in after times, doubly suffer from the present alleviation.

If such were the case, you have much to answer for! but as we are not certain that you are herein guilty, it is our bounden duty to suppose you innocent. One thing we must acquit you of, namely, any recollection at the present time, that is, the time we have recently passed with you in town, of the scenes which you once so much enjoyed in the company of "the Flower of Dane's Court," as the country people delighted to style her. But a time will perhaps come, and speedily, when all these things must flash upon your mind with a strength of conviction only to be equalled by that which breaks in on the wretched criminal, who, under sentence of death, has been blessed, or cursed it may be, with a few hours sleep, and wakes to woes a thousand times more dreadful from the forgetfulness in which his senses have been temporarily drowned.

It is but too true that the love which at first

sat so lightly on the bosom of Augusta, had "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength," and like her name, which Hyde, in the happy hour of boyhood, had cut upon the young tree, had spread by the lapse of years into large emblazoned letters. Few were now the charms of life for her, except those of melancholy remembrance, which she ever encountered in the woods and grounds of her father's and the Nugents' demesnes.

"*Un homme éclate contre une femme qui ne l'aime plus, et se console : une femme fait moins de bruit quand elle est quittée, et demeure longtemps inconsolable.*

"*Les femmes guérissent de leur paresse par la vanité, ou par l' amour.*

"*La paresse au contraire, dans les femmes vives, est le présage de l'amour.*"

So says the shrewd French philosopher, who ranked perhaps second only to Shakspeare in his knowledge and delineation of human nature.

And such was most assuredly the case in the instance of Augusta St. Quentin, who

> —— never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek.

The once gay, lively girl had become dispirited and wretched; "she pined in thought," and took pleasure in nought around her, save in one solitary walk, where, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," she would "lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

It was that favourite haunt of hers and Hyde's, where, with Louisa Nugent, in former happier days, they passed their friendly times of leisure. Near that peaceful lake, in the grounds at Nugent Hall, would Augusta wander; the well-remembered shape of every tree, and the sound of the neighbouring waterfall, conveying to her senses the sweet, yet poisonous

and withering recollections of those halcyon times.

> Alas the love of woman! it is known
> To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
> For *all* of theirs upon that die is thrown;
> And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
> To them, but mockeries of the past.

Dear, unhappy Augusta! How truly distressed was all her family at the state to which that once high spirit, the life and soul of all around her, was in a few short months reduced! The illusion, the dream on which she had leaned, on which she had existed, was now broken, vanished. She loved, and she had fancied, (alas! how often are we led to fancy what we wish!) that in the breast of Hyde Nugent there was a corresponding sentiment; but now such a length of time had elapsed without his coming near her, without his even indicating a wish to see her, or indeed naming her to any one,—that the sad reality could be no longer doubted. Hope,

that last of ills, (for it was at the bottom of all others, we know, in Pandora's box, and does more harm than good) had not entirely deserted her; but though a slight hope still remained, (a very slight one) the melancholy conviction that she ought not to entertain it, pressed upon her very soul.

And there, at her father's house, existed, rather than lived, this beauteous drooping lily. Vain were all the efforts of her fond parents and brothers to comfort her or raise her spirits, for they knew not the disease which was tearing her heart. They knew not the pangs of blighted affection; or if Lady Caroline had indeed known them, as we have been taught, she suspected not that they were the cause of her daughter's sufferings, and she was forced to see her pine and linger. Oh why have we hearts, if they are to be thus broken? why are we endowed with feelings of such exquisite sensibility, if they are to be the mock of fortune, and the butt for all the shafts of disappointment and deception; to be trampled

upon without thought by those for whom we have once felt that the sacrifice of existence would be but a light task? And light, indeed, would it be, compared with the length of bitter years we have to drag on our heavy, heavy chain.

But let us not impiously question the justice of decrees, which it is the will of Heaven that we should submit to. It is not of ourselves that we can get through a life of trials; we must trust for help and strength to bear them from the hand that has the power to create and to destroy; and we must remember that it is thus we are justly doomed to feel, when we fix our hearts on any thing this world can bestow.

Of all her family, Horace was the only one who guessed Augusta's malady; and having been surprised into a half admission of the truth, she, fearful for the consequences, reproached herself for having needlessly, as she thought, discovered to her brother the cause of that melancholy she vainly strove to conquer. What

the feelings of the high-spirited soldier were, upon the truth being thus revealed, may be easily conceived: he spoke little, but determined in his own mind to seek an early opportunity of having an explanation with the author of his sister's misery.

It was in the summer of the year in which Hyde, after having left Oxford, was staying with his family in Cavendish-square, that Horace St. Quentin was half reclining in an alcove situated in the most fairy spot of the grounds at Dane's Court, and engaged in his favourite recreation, music, while his thoughts wandered to objects both far and near; thus enjoying a sort of voluptuous indolence, undisturbed by man or other animal; for his brother and himself were, though very affectionate, the most uncongenial spirits that could possibly exist; and his beautiful Italian greyhound lay at his feet, in all the quiet delight and excitement of a dog's dream, perhaps heightened by his master's music.

A rivulet murmured by this beautifully wild

little spot, through banks of rock, moss, and gravel, tufted with wood, forming altogether a most delightful retreat from the intense glare of the summer sun, shady, sweet, and cool; and in leaving the heart nothing to wish for in its climax of sylvan beauty, disposed it to the enjoyment of thought, solitude, love, or music. Though of these two latter, one is said to be the food of the other, yet was not Horace in love, except (as is much the case amongst dragoons) with *self*, that most enchanting of all Eve's progeny.

Hither then had he resorted on a beautiful day in June, taking with him his flute or hautboy, and from hence, mellowed by the short distance, and wafted on the summer breeze, came the delicious and plaintive notes to the ear of Augusta, who when she could not steal unknown and unobserved to those which used to be the favourite haunts of Hyde, would stroll alone in the woody walks or the retired flower-garden of her father's place. After touching

lightly, and warbling richly here and there, roving through the brilliant masterpieces of Rossini, Horace, as other thoughts entered his imagination, wandered wildly into the beautiful but melancholy air of Ah Perdona. This had always been a favourite of Hyde Nugent's, particularly when sung by his magnificently-voiced sister and Augusta St. Quentin. Now with what magic witchery and melting recollections did it fall upon the ravished senses of that lovely girl, played in the perfect, though peculiar style of Horace! Little did he think at this moment of the chord of sympathy he was awaking. He should not have touched that string: and yet Augusta thanked him in her heart for thus unwittingly causing her tears to flow, and bringing to her recollection those beautiful words of Moore,—

When through life unbless'd we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of childhood, meet our ear;—

Oh, how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Alas! the smiles these notes kindled were few, for the last lines of that song rushed with all their strong conviction on her mind, in cruel truth: well might she say,

Friendship's balmy words may feign;
Love's are ev'n more false than they.

At the conclusion of his last fantasia, as it may be called, Horace, tired of music for the time, rambled out from the alcove, and shortly encountered his unhappy sister.

"Augusta," said he, putting his arm round her slender waist, "my darling little Augusta, what makes you always so sad? Why will you always keep your brother in ignorance of the cause of your unhappiness, when you know that did it lie in his power, there is nothing he would not do to serve you. Ha! you have been

weeping!" added he, looking at her mournfully: "tell me, tell me, what it is that lies so heavy on your heart."

"Oh, do not ask me, dear Horace!" returned his sister; "there is nothing the matter with me—only that tune you have just been playing brought for the moment some recollections into my mind. But it is passed. I——"

"Recollections? of what, Augusta, or of whom?"

"Oh, of nothing—no one—of——that is, of Louisa Nugent; it was a great, great favourite of hers."

Her brother stopped, and looked her attentively in the face.

"Nugent!" said he, as a light seemed to break upon him,—"Augusta, should you not rather say *Hyde* than Louisa?"

She burst into a flood of tears, and hiding her face on her brother's shoulder, sobbed aloud.

"Oh why, why would you conceal this from me so long, my loved Augusta?" said Horace.

"Oh, Horace, you should never have known a word of it, but that you have now taken me by surprise. I am not certain—oh! I beseech you, as you love me, my dear, dear Horace!" exclaimed his sister, falling on her knees at his feet in an agony of tears, "forget what has just passed! it is not the case—at least—oh pray, pray, do nothing, say nothing—bury it in oblivion for ever. Forget that you entertained a suspicion of what seems now to you the fact."

"Forget it, Augusta?" said her brother, in a state of mind vibrating between meditated vengeance and poignant grief; "you know not what you ask."

His sister, however, refused to rise from the ground till he had promised that no word of what had passed should be mentioned to the rest of the family, and that least of all should *any* of the Nugents be communicated with upon the subject.

Horace gave a reluctant consent to this,

knowing that, should his sister have the dread upon her mind of a quarrel between himself and Hyde, it would nearly drive her to distraction. He promised to do nothing rashly; and as his regiment was ordered to Ireland, where he would soon be obliged to join it, Augusta hoped there was no chance of his meeting with Hyde Nugent; and she yet secretly looked forward to the family's coming down to the Hall as an event which *might* in possibility put a period to her sorrows: she was, in one way or other, *certain* that it would; and any certainty was better than her present dreadful state of mind, misled, we fear, by the thoughtless nothings of our hero, whom we by no means take upon ourselves to defend.

Deeply afflicted at the declining state of her daughter's health, Lady Caroline procured the advice of the first physicians; but, alas! what could *they* do? Could they "minister to a *mind* diseased," or "pluck from the memory a

rooted sorrow?" It was beyond their power; they could only recommend change of air, change of scene, and occupations.

The sagacious Dr. * * * but too well perceived that the malady he was called upon to cure was more mental than bodily, and "therein," he knew, "the patient must minister unto herself." But time, the physician's great assistant, would, he hoped, in one so young, bring all things to a happy conclusion.

The St. Quentins were therefore recommended to try Cheltenham, and thither they repaired soon after the event we have been recording. It was, we have said, the month of June, and the town was beginning to fill with the healthy birds of passage, enlivening by their rosy looks the rides and walks, which would otherwise, notwithstanding their beauty, be the gloomiest in nature, from the number of yellow invalids from all parts of the world who come to

recruit their shattered constitutions at this English Montpelier.

Few stars of the first magnitude are ever to be seen at Cheltenham; few diamonds of the first water; for though the Duke of * * * occasionally honours it by his august presence, and the greatest captain of the age has been pleased to throw the lustre of his patronage on this scene of giddiness and scandal, powder and pomatum, dressing, flirting, and fiddling,—yet the great influx of Birminghamites, and "people of all sorts," and from all countries, who are constantly flocking to it, and the known dislike of a certain illustrious personage for the radical principles of its inhabitants,—all concur in rendering it no favourite with people of high rank in general. For ourselves, we consider its puny attempts to raise itself on a par with other decidedly tonish places, and the silly puffings of its sillier newspapers, as the most ridiculous thing in the world; and whatever

may be said, sung, or puffed in its praise, it never will become what Weymouth has been, or what Brighton is. We are, in fact, much mistaken if Hastings does not, in the course of years, bear away the palm from most other watering-places.

However, to return from Hastings to Cheltenham, where we shall stay as short a time as possible, being in a hurry to get back to town,—we have to mention, that the St. Quentins, on their arrival, met Narcissus Moyle and his *cara sposa,* whose good looks were even improved by matrimony. However, upon the whole, the couple seemed to the observant eye of Horace to be much less affectionate than at his former meeting with them, notwithstanding the fact of Mrs. Moyle having presented her husband with two pledges of her love, perfect Cupidons, and thus removed all fear of the family estate passing into other hands; which, beautified with its new approach as it was, would have been a thousand pities. But to do Moyle justice, the

fault, if there was any, was not on his side; for he was the best-tempered creature in the world.

The St. Quentins only arrived in time to bid farewell to the Moyles, who, having been about six weeks at Cheltenham, were to depart the next day. Moyle was truly concerned to see the wretched looks of Augusta; and when at parting he asked Horace to patronize him in Kilkenny, in the event of his joining his regiment at Dublin, he included Augusta in the invitation.

"The journey will do you the greatest good, Miss St. Quentin," said he, "and I shall expect to see you at Castle Moyle *en famille*; for I'm a plain fellow in my way."

George and Horace looked at each other; and the latter said, smiling,—"That will be nothing extraordinary, Moyle! for you recollect wishing her joy before, on a certain occasion, at Nugent Hall."

"Well then," said Narcissus, "I don't re-

collect any thing about it, at all; only I know, if you come, we'll be glad to see you, and we'll make room for the whole of you, elegantly, in the old castle; but you mustn't expect any thing very fine or *allamode de Paree*; you must take it *selong le coutume de pay*, and if you are contented with that, you'll always find us *en famille*."

Horace could no longer suppress his laughter. Mrs. Moyle and the rest of the ladies looked uncomfortable.

"Why, what's the man laughing at now?" said Moyle.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear fellow!" replied Horace.

The Moyles at length took their leave, Narcissus still persisting that he was a plain fellow, and that they would find Mrs. Moyle and himself always *en famille*.

The health of Augusta was in some slight degree improved by the change of scene, and

Lady Caroline attempted by degrees to draw her gently into society by taking her to one or two parties; but this she so revolted at the thoughts of, and so entreated her mother not to urge her going, that Lady Caroline gave up all thoughts of gaiety; and a few people occasionally at the house, very select, was all that her daughter could be prevailed on to support in the shape of company. Her spirits and her health admitted of but one cure,—namely the affection of Hyde Nugent, and that she was destined never again to enjoy, if, indeed, she ever had it.

Soon disgusted with the froth and folly of Cheltenham, Augusta begged her parents would think of moving to some other watering-place, where at least the company, if not more sensible, might be a little more *distinguée*. Brighton was now fixed on; and Brighton, if one does not find it always full, is sure to be the resort, at most times of the year, of some part of the aristocracy.

And here we shall for the present leave them, walking on the Steyne, or riding on the downs, or patronizing the ocean, as the case might be, the weather serve, or their inclinations prompt.

CHAP. VIII.

I see thy honourable metal may be wrought on,
From what it is disposed; therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

SHAKSPEARE.

WE find ourselves, reader, getting too prosy; and as we have still a large store of events to detail, we must dwell as short a time as possible on each particular incident that of necessity must be submitted to your eyes; for London seems to have taken up so much of our time and room, that if we do not take in the aggregate those which succeeded to the others which have gone before, passing over the minutiæ of detail, or rather abandoning a detail of

the minutiæ,—this work, which originally was only intended to occupy two volumes, will be swelled out into six.

We shall therefore just take a review of things as they were when we left town, and in a few words hope to find ourselves again discussing "things as they are," on our return; merely stating what has been done in the interim, towards materially forwarding the views of the several parties concerned.

Hyde had by degrees got so amalgamated, as it were, with Adonis Millefleurs and his set, by whom he was flattered, looked up to, and copied in all he said and did, that he found it no easy task to disengage himself from them, nor in fact could he by any means; and his wish to leave them became daily less strong as the fascination of their society, dangerous to his principles as it was ruinous to his purse, was stronger felt. He fancied himself their idol; and little imagined it was because the money he was thought to have at command, and his

fancied heirship to his aunt's as well as his father's estates, which would constitute him a noble bird, and well worth the plucking, that all this court was paid him; still less did he suspect that he was laughed at and ridiculed in his absence by the very men who present could not be loud enough in his praise.

He had experienced several severe losses, to remedy which there were three expedients to which he might have recourse; namely, borrowing from his friends, raising money at an enormous per centage amongst the Israelites, or confessing every thing to his father. The last was too much to be dreaded; the first he had a natural dislike to; and as the only *independent* way of shaking off his present embarrassments, he adopted the second expedient or middle course,—certainly not a *happy* medium. Accompanied, therefore, by Adonis, he applied in person to a celebrated money-lender, who, as a great favour, and after duly inquiring and ascertaining the chance or rather certainty of his

being paid principal and interest, or, in other words, that Hyde Nugent was the son of his father,—advanced our hero a considerable sum of money. With part of this he paid his gaming debts, and with the remainder desperately hoped to retrieve his losses. Vain hope, indeed! He but plunged the deeper in, and was again obliged to have recourse to his convenient money-lending friend.

We must so far defend our hero as to say that his depravity, if it is so to be termed, was by no means natural to him, but the result of an evil communication with a set of dissolute young men, themselves bankrupt in fortune and in principle, and influenced by a desire either to enrich themselves at the expense of one not so hackneyed in the villanies of the world as they; or failing in that, who would derive a secret and satanic satisfaction from beholding the gradual but certain ruin, into which they were plunging a youth of honour, family, and fortune.

Wyndham Herbert was also playing a deep

game, but of another species. He was treacherously occupied in leading Hyde, under the specious guise of friendship, into every alluring sort of dissipation that London afforded; thereby seeking not only to undermine his principles, but also to occasion his disgrace. To get Hyde discarded by Georgina Capel, with whom he had quickly perceived our hero to be so great a favourite, as to be likely to prove a serious stumbling-block in the path he had chosen for himself—an alliance with the family of Lord Malmesbridge—was a grand point in his play. But here he was foiled with his own weapons: there was too little disguise in his machinations; or at least Hyde had a suspicion of the snare, and escaped at least one disgrace, though he felt not very much obliged to the Honourable Wyndham Herbert for the one favour we allude to, and which the guardsman intended him—that of saddling him with a cast-off mistress. But we do not think that young Nugent was here in so much danger; for his passion for

Georgina Capel was too strong to admit of his forming a *liaison* with any woman, and he revolted from the line of conduct into which Herbert would at first have led him. This devilish act would have been followed by an accusation to his face of treachery, and in his absence by the manufactory of another version for the ear of Lady Georgina,—a dose which would have been duly administered; but Hyde was true and firm—inconsistent even in his inconsistency! We have always, however, defended him from the charge of deliberate error, and we still do so. He was, in fact, more sinned against than sinning; and few there are who, thrown upon the gay, the drinking, the dissipated, and the gambling world of London, all or separately, would have acted with less imprudence. Mr. Nugent's occupations were as importantly unimportant as those of most masters of a family in town, who have nothing to do in the morning but read the papers, and debate upon the debates, meet their friends at the clubs, and go to

bed when their wives, daughters, and sons go out to parties for the night; who ring the bell in the morning at eleven o'clock, with a yawn, and say to the servant, "Bring the water; bring the breakfast; I shall not wait for your mistress;" and behold their olive branches for the first time when assembled round the table at dinner.

The friendship of Mr. Nugent and Lord Malmesbridge, that had been renewed on their meeting in town at the commencement of the season, had gone on in an increased ratio. Lord Iford had become the devoted slave of Louisa Nugent, who, report gave out, was not likely from appearances to prove cruel. At least that was what the fair ones said at the last ball at Almack's, and what Elizabeth and Georgina Capel very much wished might be the case.

In the mean time Burgoyne getting little of Hyde's society, as we have said, sought a recompense in that of his sister: and what was the consequence? Why that he derived a pleasure

from the circumstance for which, he, priding himself on a degree of philosophy that most men are strangers to, felt at a loss to account. But those who know the uncontrollable nature of the passions, will not be surprised that he should live almost constantly under the same roof with a lovely young woman like Louisa Nugent, (his own a maiden heart) without feeling the overpowering influence of the passion of love. Yes, the proud, the stoical Burgoyne was at last *éperdument amoureux;* he confessed to himself that he loved. But Burgoyne, although proud, possessed none of that frothiness of disposition or besotted vanity which puffs many up with the idea that they are infallible; that no woman can behold them without falling a victim to the tender passion; whose motto is, in fact, "I came, was seen, and have conquered."

Burgoyne was not one of these, and he was therefore unprepared to behold with tranquillity the advances Lord Iford daily made in Louisa's

favour. In justice to her, however, we must say, that not the slightest degree of coquetry attached to her character. She never led Burgoyne to imagine that he held a higher place in her estimation than that of a friend; and if he had been in every thing else a paragon of perfection, his want of religious feeling would at once have decided her never to listen to his addresses. Perhaps it was this thought that passed so suddenly through her mind, and caused that shudder, while she stood up in the quadrille at Almack's with Lord Iford, on the first night of that lord's introduction to her.

Mr. Nugent perceiving the wild and dissipated, or rather haggard look that Hyde assumed, as the season wore on towards its wane, had several serious conversations with him on the subject of its cause. Not for one moment did the suspicion cross his mind, that this was being up all night at the gaming-table, or at least every night that there was no chance of meeting Lady Georgina at the parties he

had invitations for, which was indeed the case. Unable to discover any thing from Hyde, Mr. Nugent was always obliged to give way to the laugh with which our hero turned off all inquiry, and desist from all further prosecution of a scrutiny, which, had it probed to the bottom of his heart, would in result have produced a restoration of happiness to Hyde. But an unusual weakness on the part of the father, and a tenfold degree of the same thing on that of the son, prevented an *éclaircissement* of the state of Hyde's mind and finances, the former being always dependent on the latter. The opportunity was lost, and Mr. Nugent was thus left in ignorance of the truth, which caused an accumulation of debt, and we fear a deeper draught of that vainly-fancied Lethe, champagne. His visits to Malmesbridge House were nevertheless continued: he went often into public; and although his evening interviews, *tête-à-tête* with Georgina, were not of long duration, they were frequent.

He was in the first society, that is, when he had the good taste to prefer it to the *Adonisian:* he had been now three months in town; and from all these circumstances, what inference is to be drawn? Why, that which was certainly the case,—that the two young people were as much in love with each other, as ever were knight and ladye fair.

We have already stated how deep was the devotedness of Hyde. As for Georgina, although she read in his pale cheek that his health was far from that which had caused his fine countenance to glow with about a five years' more youthful appearance, when he first arrived in town, she thought him no whit less handsome than at that time; and if she compared his appearance now with what it had been upon their first accidental meeting, she thought of the number of happy interviews that had since taken place, which read so ill to the uninterested, but of which to the parties concerned the recollection

is so delightful; and treasuring these thoughts in her remembrance, they served as food for her love in the absence of its object.

The shade of melancholy, which at intervals, would in company steal over Hyde's features, served but to render him dearer to that noble heart, in which his image was so strongly drawn; and worlds would she have given to have had the power of affording him consolation, or, by sharing it, ease his mind of some part of that load by which she too clearly saw it was oppressed. She knew not of his errors; she thought not of them. All she knew or thought of him was as a being too, too dear to her young heart. And should she, conscience asked her, have allowed him so very soon to become victor of that heart? The question went unanswered, for what has love to do with conscience?

Hers, she thought, was a blameless passion. Was not Hyde all that could be wished for in a human being? *She* knew no ill of him, at least.

Was he not of an old, and more than noble family; and one, who, to all seeming, met her parents' approbation in all he said and did? and these questions went not unanswered, for they were replied to in the language of a loving and approving heart.

He was "her first love, and hers only;" the bright creation of her fancy; the one being, who, when ripening years had whispered to her heart there was a something wanting to complete the measure of her happiness through life, had now presented itself, and was in her young imagination almost deified. She was not one who could set bounds to her heart, and say, it shall not step beyond those prescribed limits; she was not the cold being who can love by halves, and when interest, or commands oppressive and unreasonable, may bid her detach the cherished object from her breast, can cease to love: no, she might obey in appearance; she might, and would adhere to the paths of duty and filial obedience;

but the effort would break her heart. She was made to love warmly, totally, without reserve, or *never* to love!

Alas! for the fate of many of the young and noble, who, taught concealment from their early youth, despond over their idol, till the constrained soul bursts its bonds, or parental persuasion induces them reluctantly to become a sacrifice upon the altar of political interest or family pride!

The feeling, however, of Lady Capel towards Hyde was long concealed. If Augusta "never told her love," neither did Georgina; but could she conceal from her own heart the joy she felt at his apparent devotedness? No, the conviction gave her true delight, and therefore concealment fed not "on her damask cheek:" she thought, and hoped no cankering worm would ever eat into the bud of love, which was now putting forth its tender leaves; no "chilling frost" come unexpectedly to nip its "blushing honours."

But a circumstance now happened, which, however in itself unpropitious, had the effect of opening to our hero the true state of Georgina's affections. The events, however, which led to this, must be recounted in another chapter.

CHAP. IX.

" My dear Nugent, what upon earth has the drawing-room to do with her being married ?"

HYDE NUGENT, chap. ii.

THE drawing-room was held late in the season the events of which we have been recording; and it was now June, when the young hearts, whose expectation of making a brilliant *début* at the most splendid court in Europe, long hovering betwixt hope and despair, from the indisposition of our beloved monarch, at length saw with delighted eyes the Court Circular in the Morning Post, which announced that his Majesty would hold a drawing-room. They were,

however, not yet certain that some unpropitious event might not occur to blast their hopes; but when the directions appeared, about the horses heads, and setting down, and the *entrées*, &c. &c. &c. who shall describe their joy? who sing the various tryings-on, and fittings for the twentieth time, and how does it, or do I, look? and the feathers from the *plumassier's*, that were sent home after being cleaned, or sent as new, although, perhaps, they had adorned the heads of some great beauties in the reign of George II., and the indescribable magnificence of the loads of haberdashery of every sort, which were furnished from that terror to fathers and husbands, Howell and James's? You know where the house is, fair readers! perhaps to your cost. And then the diamond ear-rings, and necklaces, with the numerous other articles of adornment, such as *tiaras*, *bandeaux*, &c. which had been new set, or repaired at Rundell and Bridges, or Gray's; and the "I'm so glad those odious hoops are done away with!" of the timid or the

new; or the "what a graceful thing the hoop was! I'm so sorry it is done away with! such an advantage to the figure! particularly with the long waists that have come in again since their discontinuance!"—"such a pity!" of the more confident, or those whose particular *forte used to be* the "managing a hoop" well;—who, I say, shall sing, or write all this? 'Tis said that "beauty when unadorn'd is adorn'd the most," and that sterling and critically excellent loveliness, and symmetry of person, "*require* not the foreign aid of ornament." To the latter of these quaint aphorisms we may subscribe, for we have seen Georgina Capel and Louisa Nugent in their gracefully elegant, yet simple morning dresses, of purple or other coloured *gros de Naples*, made high and full, as the milliners have it, their sleeves *en gigot*, their puffings and gatherings *en bateau*, *en rouleau*, &c. their flowing length of drapery, from under which the *joli pied* "peeps out;" their *tailles sveltes*, and the appropriate zones round the

said waists, worthy in beauty to bear the cestus of the sea-born Venus; their beautifully scalloped or vandyck'd frills, and their massive gold chains and bracelets, simple, yet elegant and becoming in their simplicity.

We have seen them in these dresses, and confessed that their beauty "required not" the further "aid of ornament;" and many of our readers have doubtless seen as fine a woman in the like costume, and made the like confession; but let them, after having beheld this fair divinity only in her ordinary morning dress, be in a room where the same person flashes upon them in all the splendour of lace, gold, and satin, blazing with diamonds, and receiving a fresh grace from the plumes of immaculate whiteness, which bend over her beauteous brow like the slightly-agitated summer waves of ocean, with its crest of playful foam;—say, reader, when you behold all this, does it not strike you that her rich and radiant charms are enhanced in a wonderful degree by the "foreign" aid of a court dress?

Are you not tempted to say with Hippolito in Dryden's Tempest,

> What thing is that?
> Sure, 'tis some favourite infant of the sun!
> My sight is dazzled!—
> Speak, speak! what art thou, shining vision?

Very few are there whose style of beauty will bear the unadorned *manière de s'habiller* and the simple *coiffure* of the beautiful Duchess of * * *, whose *belle chevelure*, without an ornament of any kind but what it receives from its own raven loveliness, is allowed to revel unconfined about her superb neck.

Hyde was at the drawing-room; not so Burgoyne. The latter would have been eminently gratified by the praises of Louisa, which would have met his ear, had he been in the royal presence when the Duchess of Bolingbrook presented her; but he experienced in his own mind a far superior pleasure; he beheld Louisa in her court dress,

before she mingled with the brilliant crowd. His was the single unmixed delight of seeing her in all the combined charms of art and nature, as yet uncontaminated by the gaze or the collision of a multitude, which, however high-born, however beautiful and magnificently attired,—he considered all too earthly, gross, and unethereal, to bear comparing with one whom *he* pronounced perfect, unequalled; whom *he*, in fact, *condescended* to love.

After handing Mrs. and Miss Nugent into their carriage, and wishing Hyde joy of his anticipated squeeze, he strolled into the Park, telling his groom to meet him with the horses near the magazine; and in a retired part of it, all the world being now elsewhere, the elegant Frederick Burgoyne threw himself at length upon the grass; and here this proud being lay, revolving in his mind the various incidents, *pro* and *con.* of however little moment, which tempted him to hope, or bid him to despair, of ever

gaining the heart and hand of Louisa Nugent. The first, he thought, by an odd logical position, would follow the second; but his soul revolted from the idea of obtaining the latter without having first made himself master of the former. He was too clear-sighted not to have long perceived the favour with which Louisa regarded Lord Iford, to whom he certainly bore no very great love; and he could hardly suppose that he would experience the advantage of Mr. Nugent's assistance, although heir to Lord Cirencester's title and fortune, should worldly considerations weigh with him, in preference to one who was heir apparent to a dukedom, and the reversionary expectant of sixty thousand *per annum*. But he disdained and abhorred the influence of parental authority, when exercised over an unwilling child, in matrimonial, or rather match-making transactions; nor would he, although one word should turn the scale in his favour, have put himself under the obligation of having that

single word thrown into the balance, if to it, and not to his own merit or persuasions, he was to owe Louisa's hand.

Perplexed and out of humour with fate, which it must be confessed did not in this case seem to declare very favourably for him, he turned his mind to his pecuniary concerns, and his conscience told him he had been a great deal more extravagant at Oxford than there had been any occasion for. However, he flattered himself that, since his departure from that place, he had been much more economical; and although he wondered within himself how such a turn could have suddenly taken place in his disposition, he had on the day before, in looking over his banker's book, found that, during the last two or three months, he had made a most important saving. To others, it must be pretty clear that the society of Louisa had rendered him indifferent to every expensive pursuit from which he had formerly derived pleasure; thus causing the wonderful change in his habits, which had asto-

nished, not only himself, but his banker also. Love, however, is said to be blind; and it certainly not only plagues its votaries with cecity, but generally causes them to commit the most egregious follies. The latter effect was not felt by Burgoyne, certainly; on the contrary, in making him prudent, it had failed to cheat him into parsimony, and thus it may be said to have given him additional wisdom. He had sold his pictures, books, and all his horses, except two, which, with many other things, brought him in a considerable sum of money; and this had been offered,—and more if he wished it,—to Hyde Nugent for as long a period as he might want it, without requiring a farthing of interest; but our hero preferred getting cheated by a Jew to being honourably and kindly furnished with money by his friend: he thought it was more independent; besides, Burgoyne's money would have been but as a drop of water to the ocean.

As he rose, and walked over to the spot where he had ordered his groom to wait with the

horses, he perceived a person, dressed rather in the style of a country cousin, sitting on the rails with his back towards him, his arms across, and one leg off the ground, which he swung to and fro like an inverted metronome, keeping the time with a "doleful dump." His dress consisted of a short green coat and nankeen trowsers, a low-crowned hat, and a pink-chequed neckcloth. It was, however, plainly to be seen that he was a gentleman; and as Frederick made a nearer approach, and vaulted over the rail, he recognised him to be Birstal. A deep flush overspread his countenance at the sight of Burgoyne, who however took no notice of him, and beckoning to his groom, mounted his horse, and rode slowly off. It was not Burgoyne's wish to treat any of his college companions with *hauteur*, but he recollected the refusal of Birstal to shake hands with, or give any sign of appeased feelings to Nugent, when the latter so frankly offered his hand; and he thought a man gifted with so vindictive a disposition, considering the grounds

of the quarrel, and the chance there had been of a more fatal termination,—was totally unworthy of his notice. He had not ridden far, when another worthy met him, no other than Shallowner, the man who had performed second to Birstal's first at Oxford. A cold bow was all the greeting that passed between the two gentlemen; but missing the sound of his groom's horse behind him, Burgoyne looked round, and perceived that Shallowner had stopped the man, and seemed to be making inquiries of him.

Burgoyne's blood boiled immediately. He roared out, "Come on, sir! what the devil are you waiting for? D——d piece of insolence!" said he to himself, "that fellow's stopping my servant."

The man rode up.

"How dare you, sir," said his master, "presume to stop when you are attending me?"

"You always told me to treat every gentle-

man with civility, sir," said the groom: "I suppose I must answer when I'm spoken to."

"Silence, you scoundrel!" vociferated Burgoyne, in a violent passion: "I shall pay your wages as soon as we get home."

"I hope not, sir. I only told Mr. Shallowner where Mr. Nugent lived."

The soft answer of the groom on their arrival in Holles-street, however, and the subject of dismissal being re-agitated, turned away the wrath of his master, verifying the proverb; for the man had no idea of losing so good a place, and Burgoyne's passion was as quickly subdued as it was raised.

Frederick that day dined (as he always did when he had no other engagements) with his friends in Cavendish-square. He had, indeed, often refused other dinner invitations, that he might experience the far superior pleasure of hearing Louisa's magnificent voice.

We have passed over the pageantry of the drawing-room, its glitter, heat, and crowd, sen-

sible that such an undertaking is beyond our powers of description. We merely state that Georgina Capel, who was presented the year before, and Louisa Nugent, who this year made her *début* on the court boards, created a great sensation by their extreme beauty and gracefulness, although it must be confessed there was but little room for the one to be seen, or the other displayed. In the opinion of Hyde, Georgina *brillait dans cette assemblée comme la rose au dessus des autres fleurs,* which he could not refrain from whispering to her as they met, after passing that "prince, with fascination in his very bow." Lord Iford was no less struck with the appearance of Louisa, when presented by his lady mother. Too much fatigued for music, from the exertions and various excitements of the day, Louisa on that evening sat quietly down, and wished,—oh, what did she not wish! She wished it was bed-time, though she could not have slept; she wished that something was said, which must be said;

she wished in short that it was that day week, fortnight, or month, as it might be, and the explanation over which she dreaded.

Burgoyne seated himself by her, and commenced a very tender, and to him, doubtless, an agreeable conversation. But what pain did it not give Louisa! She had that day come to the resolution of crushing all his hopes; indeed she was in duty bound to do so, but Burgoyne anticipated her, and hurried his sentence. He felt an indescribable degree of uneasiness, a jealousy of Lord Iford, which, with his morning's meditations, urged him on to declare his passion; and he had now, from a favourable disposition of the rest of the party in their different occupations about the room, a good opportunity of the wished-for *tête-à-tête*. We will not follow the talented and gentlemanlike Burgoyne through all the flowery paths he chose to tread in the interesting communication he now made to Louisa, nor will we dwell upon the feelings of regret and poignant sorrow that beautiful girl

experienced, at seeing the deep devotedness of a heart, whose effusions could not from her meet the return they demanded.

It was her fate that day to receive two proposals; for Lord Iford had, in the momentary meeting at the drawing-room, proffered his heart, hand, and fortune. She had given her consent to be his; and it now became her painful task to entreat Burgoyne to attempt the mastery of a passion which she fully appreciated, though she could not return; and with firmness, though regret at the visible sufferings she caused, she informed him of what had that day taken place between her and Lord Iford; she also told him that her parents had given their consent to their union,—and begged, entreated, that he would make an effort on himself to conquer a passion which he must see was now not only hopeless, but wrong.

But she spoke to the winds. Nothing but time can master an affection strong as chains of iron; as *they* may bear me out in saying, who

have loved hopelessly. Nay, not even time itself will quench the glow that rises in our breast at the thoughts of what we have lost. Years will not serve to destroy the feeling of true and first love, even though other slight and fancied *penchants* should occur, or even marriage, a desperate and vainly-supposed remedy for that desperate disease,—the burning and slowly-consuming heart. Never, never! The heart will not be subdued or controlled; and those who say they have by thought, by reflection, or even by religion,—the last, best, and yet almost hopeless aid,—killed or discarded from their aching hearts the worm that was gnawing there for years, the canker worm of blighted ambition, or blighted love, or remorse for irremediable sin or folly,—know in their souls that they are not telling truth. Bitter days, and nights of madness; hateful life which you are still bound to bear with; remembering, while forgotten. The only refreshing hope, that has the power to cheer, is that of a better world, when all the sorrows of

this will be no more; before that world is opened to us, never! But dare we expect that balm? Alas, no! it is the blameless and the happy, those who *can* dispose their hearts to a proper religious feeling, that are taught to expect a happy hereafter. But are we not told, also, that to despair is sinful? and should we not be thankful, and raise our hopes of forgiveness to a beneficent and merciful Providence, who perhaps is only chastening us that we may be the more worthy a reception? O that we may have strength to force this conviction upon the heart, and feel its balmy comfort!

Louisa, we have said, entreated Burgoyne to master his passion; and in frankly telling him how she was situated with regard to Lord Iford, said she trusted, she was *sure,* that his just and honourable feelings would acquit her of dissimulation in ever having given him the slightest hope of a corresponding degree of affection, or in fact of the least encouragement to his addresses.

"It is but too true," murmured Burgoyne; and Louisa, unable to repress the tears which now rolled down her cheeks, hastily withdrew from the room.

Burgoyne leaned back in his chair for a few moments, not unobserved of Hyde, who was now the only other person in the room, as Mr. and Mrs. Nugent had severally betaken themselves to their apartments, the one below, the other above. Hyde could not be ignorant of the character of conversation his friend and sister had been engaged in: indeed, he had been anxiously watching for an opportunity, when Frederick and himself should be alone together: to inform him of Lord Iford's proposal; for it may be supposed that all the family were aware of his attachment, and they all dreaded the effect a disappointment would have upon his high and fiery spirit.

A few moments of abstraction, and Burgoyne rose hurriedly, descended the stairs, waving Hyde back, who would have followed, and seizing

his hat, rushed out of the house, nearly suffocated by the violence of his feelings, and the attempt to keep them down. A thousand conflicting emotions struggled within him, as he ran, rather than walked, along the south side of gloomy Cavendish-square, regardless of whom he met, or where he went, but instinctively taking the way which led to Holles-street. As he turned the corner, he came in contact with a gentleman with so violent a collision as nearly to throw him down. The person, whom he quickly recognized to be Shallowner, abused him in no very measured terms, which Burgoyne, not deigning a verbal answer to, resented in a different way; he took the burly Oxonian by the breast with the grasp of an Achilles, and dashed him to the earth. Burgoyne sent his servant to the assistance of his fallen adversary, ordering him to say who it was that had levelled him for his insulting language, and where he was to be found. He had not long entered his drawing-room, which he was pacing up and

down with a wild and desperate look, when Hyde joined him.

"My dear Frederick," said he, taking his hand, "what is the matter? or rather, (for I guess that) why do you fly your friends? and especially one who you know is always ready to sympathize with you in distress, which, however, till to-day you have happily been free from?"

"My good Hyde, I do not fly you," replied Burgoyne; "but it is out of your power to alleviate my sufferings, and why should you distress yourself by wishing to share them? Oh, my dear friend!" continued he, leaning his head against Nugent's bosom, as the tears dropped from his eyes, "you have known what I am composed of before this time; you know my nature; and you can imagine what torture I must have endured before I could be moved thus. But it is my own fault," said he, raising his head, and dashing the drops off in pride, "it is my own fault, my own seeking, or rather my fool-hardy vanity and blindness. Oh,

it is, indeed, easier to turn the course of a river than to create love in a woman's breast, who has once determinately and unequivocally shown coldness and dislike."

"Not dislike, Frederick," returned Hyde; "but glad am I that it *was* unequivocally that coldness has been shown. You were not led on by a false smile, or tempted by a show of affection, to surrender this noble heart of yours."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Burgoyne, "she has been all candour and honour: I am but the dupe of my own vain hopes, and she is, and will ever, in my estimation, remain the most noble, exalted, and ingenuous of women. But this is a painful subject, Hyde! forget that you have seen me unmanned. I can be calm; I can be firm;" added he, drawing himself up. "Let us not revert to this subject, if you wish to be my friend. I may have thoughts which I cannot smother, emotions and feelings which I can perhaps never totally subdue, but they shall not harass or distress you, already, I fear, too un-

happy, though you have not given me much of your confidence of late. No, Hyde! I may feel, I may suffer, but it shall be in silence."

A servant here entered with a note from Shallowner, who, recovering himself with the assistance of the man whom Burgoyne had sent for that purpose, got to his hotel, Fladong's, and dispatched a challenge *sur le champ*.

"I thought so," said Burgoyne, tossing the note to Hyde, and telling the man to leave the room.

"By the bye," said Hyde, taking a note from his pocket, "this puts me in mind of a similar communication I received on your leaving the house. It is a challenge from Birstal, which I suppose was left by Shallowner, as the servant said a tall gentleman called with it, and said he would walk up and down the square till he received an answer; and I suppose they kept him waiting there for half an hour before they gave me the note. It is the most extraordinary thing certainly; I get a message from a man

whom I thought I had cleared all scores with three months ago, and now I find you have got one from his second."

"Not so very extraordinary the latter circumstance, after knocking the man down," said Frederick.

He then related the adventure, and added, "I suppose I must meet the fellow in the morning, as he invites me so civilly; but as to your encountering Birstal again, it is absurd. I see not the least necessity for it. Leave it to me, and I will arrange the affair. As for myself, I—— but never mind; Shallowner will find me but too ready to give him all the satisfaction he wishes." And Burgoyne laughed sepulchrally, and added, "Will you, my dear Hyde, act for me in this affair? It is an unpleasant office, but——"

Hyde stopped his friend's mouth.

"Do I forget your friendship at Oxford, think you?" said he, "or do you imagine even it is necessary for me to recollect that, to make me—— but no words on the subject. I must

get a second for this foolish business of Birstal's, in the first place; such a determined fire-eater—ha, ha! I can get Millefleurs, I dare say; or Hoesht; he's a good hand at the sort of thing."

"Do I not tell you I will settle it all for you? It's all nonsense; the man's an ass, an idiot, and I dare say, if the truth was known, was spirited up to it by that fellow Shallowner. We will be seconds to each other for the novelty of the thing, and I dare say the same will take place on the other side; so that an explanation may be very easily had without coming to any thing serious."

"My dear Frederick, you wouldn't have me crouch to that fellow?"

"Not any more than I would crouch to Shallowner, which will not be much, you may believe. Rely upon it, Hyde, I shall take the same care of your honour as I expect you will of mine; and I believe you know I have some tenderness for it."

Answers were sent to the challengers, and a

meeting was fixed on to take place near Chalk Farm, at six o'clock the next morning.

Poor Burgoyne little thought the evening before, upon going to bed, that it was the last night he was destined to sleep there. What a miserable one he now passed, in his state of mind, may be easily conceived. He, however, got his papers and his pistols in duelling order, and directed a postchaise to be at the door by five o'clock, sending also to request the attendance of a surgeon.

The course which led to this message from Birstal was the ridicule of his *soi-disant* friend, but in reality master, Shallowner, who ruled him with a rod of iron; and whose pointed though low raillery, upon the fact of his having first had a bottle thrown at his head, and then being shot through the arm, was more than the acrimonious temper of the freshman could stand. They were, it will be recollected, rusticating together in Leicestershire, where, Birstal's arm having soon got well

enough to admit of his looking at the hounds occasionally, Shallowner joked and quizzed him with the most bitter irony before some of the Melton men, who still remained in the country, though the season was at its last gasp. At length Birstal could stand it no longer; he was daily twitted with want of spirit in submitting to be floored, and then laughed at by Nugent, as Shallowner expressed himself; and Birstal felt obliged either to call out Shallowner or his former antagonist. Shallowner, however, with his bullying spirit, had gained such an ascendency over Birstal, that although, as we have seen, he was sufficiently courageous in the field, he did not dare call *him* to an account; Nugent therefore was to be had out again, or, from the exaggerated and false statements of Shallowner about the affair, his character amongst the few resident Leicestershire men in his neighbourhood would be completely sacrificed. With no great *gusto*, therefore, had he come up to town for the purpose of establishing *his character*, by

having another shot at Nugent; though, if it took effect, he wished it might likewise, were it possible, annihilate Shallowner.

Burgoyne, we have said, was a man possessed of a strong mind, though vivid feelings; it is not therefore astonishing that, although surprised in a state of almost unmanly agitation by Nugent, he should have suddenly mastered those excited feelings, when the mind was called on to act resolutely and promptly. He was much more absorbed in the grief of having lost Louisa, than in any thoughts of the approaching duel. Never, we believe, was a duel yet looked on as a pleasant occurrence, except indeed in Ireland, where it is a common recreation; but if any one ever regarded one with indifference, that individual was Burgoyne: Hyde was less indifferent, though perhaps equally courageous. He had a lovely and a loving mistress to leave, and a family with whom he was an idol. What would she, what would they suffer, if —— but this has all been discussed before, and there-

fore we shall leave Hyde to prepare every thing for the ensuing morning, not forgetting to write a long letter to Lady Georgina, the contents of which, (independent of a lock of his hair,) may be better fancied than recapitulated; and one much shorter to his father, stating briefly the business he was going upon, and touching lightly upon the state of his pecuniary affairs, which he dreaded, ay! more dreaded a great deal than the idea of being shot through the body. These letters he locked up in a table-drawer; and putting the key into his pocket, wisely determined to let some one break it open, and discover them in case of his death; and should he return, they would be burnt. He then got his Wogdons ready;—a pleasant occupation for a man in the circumstances of our hero, and producing much the same feeling with which a person sees a dentist display his awful instruments to draw the last remaining tooth; and then how is he to eat his dinner, or enjoy the good things of this world? and how

was Hyde, if he got a ball through the mouth, or that knocked his nose off, or lodged in his knee-cap, or his hip, or the thorax;—in fact, if he "'scaped killing," how could he, *minus* a nose, or a lip, or all his front teeth, or lame for life, perhaps with a wooden leg, present himself before Georgina Capel? It was a sad thought, and would not bear dwelling on; therefore he went to bed, and to sleep, having previously ordered his servant to call him at four o'clock.

The challenged were first at the place of appointment; they had not, however, to wait long for their antagonists. Shallowner appeared with his face much cut from the force with which Burgoyne had the night before hurled him to the ground.

"Mr. Shallowner," said Burgoyne, with the hollow voice of one who had not slept during the night,—he had not in fact retired to rest; "Mr. Shallowner, I come not at this moment as your antagonist. I am here to settle, I hope

amicably and honourably, the difference which appears unhappily still to exist between Mr. Nugent and your friend. For *your* wrongs, which were of your own seeking, from the ungentlemanlike manner in which you resented an accident, that I should have been most happy to make an apology for, had not your uncivil tongue exasperated me to use you as I did;—for *your* wrongs, I say, sir, I shall soon give you ample satisfaction. If you fall, your friends must only blame yourself for tempting a desperate man; if such should be my fate, rest assured, sir, beforehand, of my forgiveness. This world now possesses but few charms for me; but beware, Mr. Shallowner! take good aim; for be assured that I am not come here to trifle."

"Nor I, sir, you may be equally certain," said Shallowner impatiently: "your words are big; we shall see what your deeds will be;—maiden ones, are they not?"

Burgoyne gave a ghastly and contemptuous smile.

"It is," pursued he, "upon my friend's affair I wish to *speak*, sir;" and added, "If it were possible, as I think it is, that we who are met under the mortal obligation of giving satisfaction for an injury not yet atoned for, should be able to save a useless effusion of human blood, in preventing these two young men from again aiming at each other's life for injuries which they have before had satisfaction for in a manner which was declared on all hands honourable, the wound of your friend also being but the chance of fortune;—if, sir, I say, by making an amicable arrangement between our friends, we could save a life, or the risk of one, we should, with a lighter weight of sin, enter another world;—should there indeed be one, which either of us may perhaps too soon prove."

Shallowner gave a shudder. He was now under the influence of a very different train of feelings from those which actuated him to edge Birstal on to fighting another duel. He was

now to act as principal; and although a man of firmness, the solemn appeal of Burgoyne, with his gloomy and fierce look, had the effect of opening his mind to conviction. He tried to conquer the unusual feeling, but he spoke not, and Burgoyne proceeded:—

"And let me ask you," said he, "is it just of your principal, is it liberal, is it any additional sign of courage, to treasure up fancied wrongs for three months, and then, unable, as it were, longer to smother a vindictive spirit, resolve upon seeking revenge for a wound, which, had it happened to his adversary, would have been generously forgiven on the spot? But do not for an instant imagine that my principal has any disinclination to give the satisfaction demanded. No, sir; he is but too ready to commit an inconsiderate folly; for reflection and timidity are equally strangers to him."

"Mr. Burgoyne," said the other party, "I did not come all this way to hear a sermon:

time wears. However, there is a good deal of reason in what you say, and I will try if any arrangement can be made."

He then went up to Birstal, and seemed to be earnestly talking with him for a few minutes. Burgoyne also approached his principal and second, Nugent, and briefly showing him the arguments he had used, had the satisfaction not only to hear Hyde say he would be guided entirely by him, but to see Birstal advance and offer his hand to his adversary.

During this time, the surgeon, seeing a parley take place, thought the affair was to end as many others had done, at which he had been an uninterested looker-on; and seating himself under a neighbouring hedge, he began to peruse the last number of that quaint medico-chirurgical publication, "The Lancet." The situation of the other gentlemen had indeed been any thing but agreeable, during the awful pause that occurred while their seconds were engaged in a

conversation, the deep interest of which they could only judge of by the action of Burgoyne; and if the truth must be confessed, Hyde was by no means sorry to see Birstal's advance. But he was not to be invited out to Chalk Farm at that early hour, merely to shake hands with a man by whom he knew or supposed himself to be hated, without receiving some explanation from the individual party. Burgoyne and Shallowner were now present.

"Mr. Birstal," said Hyde, as he stood motionless, his pistols lying on the ground behind him;—"Mr. Birstal, when our last rencontre took place, the consequences of which I regretted more than I showed,—not that I care one bit about them now, I can assure you;—but at that time I proffered you a friendly hand: you refused it; and now you have called upon me to give you satisfaction for your wound,—a most unusual thing in the annals of modern duelling, I believe. That satisfaction, however, I am

come out for the purpose of giving, which you see me here ready to do, if your own mind does not tell you that you have been in the wrong."

Birstal declared that Hyde had acted honourably; that his friend had convinced him, by the arguments of Mr. Burgoyne, that no second meeting had been at all necessary; and that as the courage of both had been before tried and proved, he did not hesitate to say that he had proceeded under a mistaken idea; and he now offered his hand to his adversary. Further than this he would not go.

Hyde then frankly shook hands with him.

"Further than this, Mr. Birstal," said he, "I do not wish you to go. But now we have another affair to witness the decision of. I pray it may end as well!"

The other parties now in their turn drew off.

"Remember my honour is in your keeping, Hyde," said Burgoyne, as he left his friend to act for him.

Hyde nodded; and when the principals were

out of hearing, he began the negociation, which was, however, of much shorter duration than the former one.

"Will Mr. Burgoyne make an apology?" said Mr. Birstal, after a few words from Hyde.

"Never!" replied our hero: "I know his sentiments too well to suppose such a thing possible for one moment. He has laid it down as a rule through life never to give an unprovoked insult, and never to put up with one; therefore you see the sort of man you have to deal with."

"My friend," said Birstal, "is equally inflexible: but he was struck by Mr. Burgoyne, and without the slightest provocation."

"There you are mistaken," replied Nugent; "however, if he forgets the abuse he uttered, Mr. Burgoyne does not. But will *he* make an apology?"

Birstal sneered. He never laughed in his life; but the expression of his countenance on this occasion, although at such a time and place,

approached nearer to risibility than it had ever been known to do before. Hyde seemed to understand this look; and the seconds, turning their backs, without further parley stepped the ground. Their principals understood the manœuvre, and meeting them, took their pistols, and prepared for the awful moment with infinite composure. The surgeon looked up, changed his opinion of the order of the day, shut his book, and put it in one pocket; while from the other he took a case of instruments, containing probes, scalpels, and all those pleasant-looking things. He might have saved himself the trouble, for they were not needed.

Though all these circumstances have taken some time to detail, not a great many minutes had elapsed between the arrival upon the ground, and the placing of the second party to take their shots.

They fired together, and Shallowner instantly fell dead. His adversary's ball had sunk deep into his forehead, and lodged in the brain.

Upon this dreadful circumstance we will not dwell. Nugent hurried his friend from the field; and sending assistance to Birstal, they returned to town.

CHAP. X.

———— "Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?" —
———— "Not any yet:
But as th' unthought of accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows."

SHAKSPEARE.

DURING their melancholy drive, the friends spoke not. Hyde was devising plans for Burgoyne's retreat from town, and Burgoyne himself was in that state of mind which causes the person to feel that the greatest favour next to putting him out of the world, is not to take the slightest notice of him.

It so happened that Bridgewater had been appointed to the command of a frigate; and a few days before, having run up from Plymouth, met Nugent, to whom he jokingly renewed the offer of a cruise for himself and spouse, if he was yet married. The ship was under orders, he said, for Lisbon, and was to sail in a short time. Hyde of course refused at the time, as he himself thought London in the month of June afforded more amusement than Lisbon was likely to do; but he now thought what a capital thing it would be for Burgoyne, whose father was then at Seville, to leave this country till the storm should have blown over, and take advantage of the Aurora's sailing so immediately, to bid a temporary adieu to England. He proposed the plan to Burgoyne on their reaching Holles-street, and it was adopted. Principal and second were equally liable to a prosecution; both, therefore, it was determined, should go. The policy and feasibility of the thing struck them immediately; and Hyde, having

carte blanche to do as he liked, sent express to Bridgewater, requesting a passage for himself and friend, and briefly stating the circumstances which had so suddenly induced him to change his mind. He then repaired to Cavendish-square, arranged every thing for his departure, and telling his family of all that had happened, said he should merely see Burgoyne start for Seville, and return immediately to England, as the Aurora was not to remain at Lisbon.

In the mean time Mr. Nugent was to take all the measures possible for the prevention of any unpleasant occurrences in course of law. His time was too short to allow of his dwelling much upon the melancholy past; and as they were to start in a couple of hours after sending off the express, he left directions with his servant to get every thing ready for the voyage and a six weeks' absence, (for he did not expect to be longer away) and changing his dress, flew to take a farewell of Georgina Capel.

Well known to all the servants at Malmesbridge House, he requested to see the marquis alone; and being shown into his private room, unfolded to him the fresh troubles he had got into, saying that it was more for his unhappy friend that he felt than for himself. As for the wretched Shallowner, he had rushed upon his fate; and in fact from the circumstances of the quarrel, a meeting had been unavoidable. Hyde knew too well what other cause of sorrow there was in the heart of Burgoyne, but upon this subject he was of course silent.

As the Nugents were soon to become connected with the Malmesbridge family by the marriage of Lord Iford and Louisa, the marquis was even more kind than usual to our hero, always a favourite, and brother-in-law, as he was to be, to his nephew. He agreed in thinking a temporary absence from England the thing for Burgoyne, and approved of Hyde's plan in accompanying him as far as Lisbon, assuring him that he would find Bridgewater an excellent

host and a most friendly man, of which Hyde was already aware; and concluded by giving him an invitation to Knorridge Park when he should return from Portugal.

This, as may be supposed, our hero gladly accepted, and saying he would just run up and wish the marchioness good bye, retreated in good order.

"You will not see her," said Lord Malmesbridge, taking his hat and stick, to walk down to the Horse Guards; "you will not see her, for she is gone to Hutchins's, to have the first of the files and the scrapers, but I dare say the girls are in the drawing-room."

"Doubtless," thought Hyde; "for their teeth require not foreign aid." And he began to think what a fortunate fellow he was, to have escaped getting his teeth drawn by Birstal that morning, or a ball in the knee, &c. &c. It was, in fact, much pleasanter to ascend the *grand escalier* upon his own proper legs, than to be stumping up it with a wooden substitute, al-

though the honour and glory of the thing were certainly less; but proud of his wholeness of limb, he bounded up by four steps at a time, and —— his hand trembled upon the lock of the drawing-room door.

No sound was heard within. Oh, that she might be alone!

Fortune for a while favours lovers in their interviews. Hyde entered, and perceived the beautiful figure of Lady Georgina, as with her back towards him, she was looking over some music. She turned to the opening door, and Hyde, as he advanced, said he was come to bid her a long farewell.

"Farewell?" exclaimed she, drawing back, "Why, where are you going?"

"To Lisbon: I leave town in an hour." And unable to restrain his feelings, he darted forward, and clasped her in his arms. Lady Georgina struggled for a moment, but she loved him truly and affectionately, and it was *but* for the moment that the struggle lasted.

"My dear, dear friend!" said she, as the tears gushed from her eyes, "must you indeed go? And for what reason? and how long will you be absent?"

"Heaven bless you for this proof of your affection!" said Hyde: "Oh, if your heart suffers so, think how mine must be torn, when perhaps I shall leave England bereft of your good opinion!"

"How?" said Georgina, recovering herself from his embrace, in which he would have detained her for ever: "how? What have you done? Oh, you cannot have done any thing wrong!"

"My friend Burgoyne," said Hyde, "had this morning the unhappiness to be engaged in a duel, which has been attended with a most fatal result. I was his second."

"How shocking! Good heavens! who is it? Mr. Burgoyne is not killed? Is any one killed?"

"I fear so, but not Burgoyne."

"But some one is killed; I see it plainly.

Oh, Mr. Nugent, how dreadful, dreadful! Why, why will you involve yourself in these quarrels?"

"Could I desert my friend, or leave him to meet his antagonist alone? Burgoyne was not the aggressor, and he is very unhappy from another cause; you can guess what. Iford——"

"Oh, Mr. Nugent," almost screamed the terrified Lady Georgina, "I see, I see it all: he has killed Iford. Tell me, tell me quickly, is Iford killed?"

"He is not. Pray be calm. The person is a stranger to you," said Hyde. "But tell me, dear Lady Georgina, do you acquit me of having done very wrong? What would my friendship be worth, did I desert my *brother*, as I may almost call him, in his greatest need, and when, in fact, he had just rendered me the truest service;—a service that, did you know it, I think *you* would almost thank him for?"

"What service could he do you, dear Hyde,—for I will not deny that you are dear to me—which I would not thank him for? You could not do less than you have done."

This was the first time she had ever expressed her affection for him, and it now thrilled like sweetest music on his ear. Hyde looked his thanks, and was about to depart; Lady Georgina held out her hand, but he pressed her to his heart.

"My beautiful Georgina," said he, as her weeping head rested on his shoulder, and her clustering hair overshadowed his face, "I go with a friend, Bridgewater, and return immediately. May I ever hope," whispered the transported lover, as he held in his arms, that day for the first time, all he had been so long, so anxiously coveting: "may I ever, ever hope——?"

But the whisper died away unanswered.

"I am thankful at least that you are going with a friend," said Georgina; "but you go by sea; and what will be my feelings at the lightest breath of wind, when I know the dangers you are exposed to!"

They exchanged locks of hair, and a fresh flood of tears attested the grief of Georgina, at

the absence this melancholy though pleasing ceremony indicated as about to take place.

It is a moment of deep interest for a young and passionate lover, when,—far away from her, compared to whom all the world beside is but dross,—he can secretly regard the dear token of never-dying attachment,—a part of his mistress's own proper self. What tender recollections does it not produce! what softenings of the heart! And yet how often has it not brought to the mind reminiscences of falsehood, of broken faith, and disregarded vows? and to the heart, hatred in the place of love, deep and stern; or pity and contempt!

But such was never to be the fate of Hyde and Georgina. "Perish the thought!" She was too good, too kind, too honourable, and had altogether too little of this earth in her composition to be ever worldly or fickle-minded.

But the meetings and partings of lovers are necessarily uninteresting to all but the parties

concerned, and to them how sweet or bitter do they appear! We have, it is feared, already tired the reader's patience; therefore let it now suffice to say of Hyde and Georgina, that their lips had never met before the hour when they themselves were about to part. In a long embrace, Hyde took his last farewell; at least for some short time.

On the head of the stairs, he encountered Lady Elizabeth, whom he detained as long as possible, to give her sister time to recover herself. Lady Elizabeth was much grieved and surprised to hear of his intended departure, and the cause of it.

At length he left the house, but had no sooner got into the street, than Lord Henry Capel applied to him, as the fountain-head of all information, respecting the duel, and insisted upon turning about with him, and walking as far as Hanover-square, where, by the bye, the marchioness's carriage was still stationary. Hyde

at length got rid of his lordship, having taken especial care not to let him know of their intended *trajet*, as he was certain it would be all over the west end of town in ten minutes. As it was, the story had already got wind at the clubs, with the usual embellishments, whether from the post-boy, the surgeon, or Birstal, was uncertain.

"Gad!" said Hyde, "that fellow is a regular Morning Post, a walking gazette! I should have told him we were going to York, instead of Plymouth, had I told him any thing."

The marquis and his daughter, Hyde knew, would be too discreet to mention their flight before the young lords, till himself and friend had got a considerable distance on their way.

Burgoyne and Hyde arrived at Plymouth in the shortest possible time in which the journey could be accomplished. They drove at once to the principal hotel, wrote to apprize Bridge-

water of their arrival, and walking out, were shown the Aurora in the sound, ready for sea. A British man-of-war is a noble sight for an Englishman of any rank or description, at any time; though we cannot say it gave our travellers any very great delight, Hyde declaring that the view of the sea made him qualmish, and that he could feel the vessel rolling already.

There did in fact appear to be a swell setting in, but they had no time to consider of all these things; for, returning to the hotel, they found Bridgewater in a violent fume, and very anxious to get them on board. The admiral was hurrying him off—another hour, and they would have been too late; the nearest thing in the world. Two boats were waiting; one to take themselves, and the other their baggage.

"Are you all ready—got every thing you want?" said the captain.

"All ready, all right," replied Nugent.

The captain put his hand out of the window,

and calling up the boat's crew, their things all disappeared "in the twinkling of a bed-post," as Lord Duberly would have said; and, to make short a long story, they were themselves very soon after alongside the frigate.

CHAP. XI.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail ;
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep. ———————

BYRON.

THEY had a fair wind, the Aurora was got under weigh, and in a quarter of an hour, or a little more, she was rounding the western point which forms the beautiful bay of Plymouth. The breeze freshened as the vessel stood out to sea. The sky was louring, and

threatened a boisterous night; but the cloudy and angry appearance of the heavens, as the ship got farther from the land, suited better with the present disposition of Burgoyne, than would have done the most lovely, peaceful-looking evening. He and Nugent would not go below as long as they could remain on deck; and this was wise enough. They were, however, no ornaments to the quarter-deck of his majesty's ship Aurora; for Burgoyne had not been in bed for two nights, and what with his feelings of being a self-convicted murderer, and others scarcely less painful, added to the not having had time to make a toilette, he looked not "kinsman to," but "grim and comfortless despair" in person. Hyde scarcely looked better. One might almost have thought that Lord Byron had had the scene and actors in his mind's eye, when he wrote the magnificent stanza which we have chosen as a motto to this chapter.

But start not, reader! we mean to pass lightly

over the sea voyage, merely observing that the clouds were as good as their word: they are, in fact, the only gentlemen, or ladies, if you like, who may be depended upon when they promise great things. It blew and rained tremendously that night, and the gale carried our voyagers into the Bay of Biscay, where it left them becalmed.

After this they had light winds, and were, in fact, ten days on the passage, during which, Burgoyne, much soothed by the kindness of Hyde and Bridgewater, and interested by the change and bustle of the scene, was in some measure restored to his former self. Hyde himself was not without his griefs, but he dwelt with rapture on the parting with Lady Georgina; and the hope of a happy meeting, and future freedom from debt, (for he trusted that either Lady Wetherby or his father might assist him, if he had resolution to forsake his gambling ways,) buoyed his spirits up, and lightened his heart of a heavy load.

They arrived at Lisbon, one of the most beautifully situated, though filthy towns that can be imagined. Of course they patronized the first hotel in the place, *bien autre chose que* Long's, or the Clarendon, or Thomas's; and having there bestowed their luggage, sallied forth to ascertain the best mode of conveyance to Seville. Travelling in Portugal and Spain, however, has not yet reached its acme, as in England; and a journey to Seville was a matter of more serious consideration than setting out from London to Plymouth; and *muling* it, &c. required more preparation than *post-chaise-and-fouring* it.

Nugent felt a chilling heaviness of spirit at the thoughts of parting with his friend, whom he prevailed upon to remain at Lisbon as long as the Aurora was there. In the evening the friends were joined by Bridgewater, and informed that the admiral had detained him there, and ordered the Arethusa to supply his place, or rather *vice versa;* for the latter ship had recently

got on shore, and requiring repairs, it was necessary she should go to England. Bridgewater had however spoken to the captain of the Arethusa, as to a passage home for Nugent. She was not, however, to sail for a fortnight. Hyde, though secretly annoyed at the delay, was not such a brute as to express anxiety to get to England while Burgoyne remained at Lisbon; he only testified his regrets that he should have to leave Bridgewater's ship to go on board another.

We might here with great effect describe the divers excursions which the two friends made to Cintra, the aqueduct, and sundry places in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, not forgetting to mention the groves of orange and citron through which they passed, or the contrast between the emblematically peaceful olive branches, and the surly countenances of the dark Portuguese they encountered in their way; the glorious sun and cloudless skies, or the refreshing coolness of the water-melons and pomegranates with which they

regaled themselves on their return from long and sultry rides. But if we mistake not, a full account of all these places, and similar incidents, will be found in Mr. Twiss's travels, which we recollect reading some fourteen years ago.

It is still longer since the author was there himself, but at that time "horrida bella" had spread their desolating influence over the surrounding country. Even then, however, the pleasure he enjoyed in his wanderings in the immediate vicinity of Lisbon, from the splendid views, the sweetness and freshness of the air, with the loveliness and unbroken brilliancy of the weather, has impressed him with a recollection of that part of Portugal, which other scenes have since failed to efface.

At Lisbon, as in other large cities, whether continental or not, there is no lack of those delightful places, called Hells; and Hyde, feeling one evening rather *ennuyé* from Burgoyne's abstraction and silence, declared, with a yawn,

he must find out "where these fellows kept their money," as he intended to take a few doubloons to sport in St. James's-street. Burgoyne, rousing himself, would have dissuaded him from going amongst them; but finding Nugent determined, he shrugged his shoulders, and observed, "a wilful man must have his way," as their friend Macqueen would say; but that if he would take his advice, he would have nothing to do with a set of fellows who are neither fond of losing their money, nor scrupulous about using the stiletto, or rather the more frightful Portuguese knife.

Hyde replied, that he was not afraid of them; and procuring a guide, set out from the hotel, having previously garnished his pockets with a few pistoles. He had not far to go before he arrived at the place of destination, although he had to thread one or two dark and narrow streets, which he almost despaired of recognizing on his return: however, he trusted to fortune, and rewarding the little Portuguese boy with a piece

of silver, entered the precincts of Pandemonium. His way lay through a gloomy stone passage, but faintly lit by a flickering lamp, which threw an uncertain light upon the sallow countenances of the Portuguese gentlemen, who, wrapped in their dark cloaks, and better acquainted with the intricacies of the place, passed him in silence, and went onward. After ascending some stone stairs, he soon entered a large room, where a number of people were gathered about an oval table, covered with leather, and stuffed, to prevent the chink of the money from being too audible. There were two men in white jackets sitting at this table; the one a fat and jolly-looking personage, the other a lean and hungry-countenanced ruffian, bronzed with the sun, and lined with deep care or thought: before them were piles of gold and silver; and these men, who were the bankers, scraped the money in with much *nonchalance* from the surrounding sufferers. The game was Monte.

Hyde was for some time occupied with ob-

serving the distracted countenances of the losers, some of whom were tearing their hair, and blaspheming in fluent Portnguese, while others stood like brazen statues in the attitudes of despair and stupefied horror. Some young and gayer officers of the Caçadores, in their regimentals, who appeared to have been either winning or not playing, walked about the room smoking their cigars, or talking and laughing. Amongst the crowd were two or three English officers in naval uniforms: they did not, however, play long; and as they went into an adjoining coffee-room, Nugent saw enough of their faces to tell him they did not belong to the Aurora; he therefore let them pass without speaking to them.

The game,—one of the most gambling there is,—our hero was not long in making himself acquainted with. It is, in fact, easy to the meanest comprehension. He put down a few pistoles on one card, and finding it favour him, kept to it till midnight, when he got up a winner of dou-

bloons and smaller gold coin to a very considerable amount, to the infinite discomposure of the bankers, and others who formed the numerous and respectable corps of losers on this occasion.

The Portuguese, notwithstanding our being their oldest and most faithful allies, are inveterately averse to the English; for what reason remains to be proved, but so it is; and the thoughts of an English dog walking off with all their money stung them to madness. Those who know the dark, revengeful spirit of that nation, will be able to imagine the danger Hyde ran in thus adventuring quite alone into such a cut-throat place, and having the bad taste or want of civility to win so much treasure. It gave himself, however, but little concern; and procuring a canvass bag, he filled it with the specie and walked off, throwing his cloak over his arm, and thus concealing the prize.

Several others were leaving the place at the same moment: he had arrived at the foot of

the stairs, and was now walking leisurely along the gloomy and ill-lighted stone passage, when a Portuguese suddenly turned upon him, and made a desperate blow at his breast. Hyde warded this off with his cloak; and it was not till the hand was raised to repeat the stroke, that he perceived it held a knife of portentous length. Before it again descended, however, something glittered past his eyes, and the arm of the assassin appeared transfixed and powerless, the knife dropped from the hand, and the ruffian, disengaging himself from the sword which had thus arrested his purpose, fled bleeding. This was so common an affair in Lisbon, at places of the sort, that it seemed to create no interest. None tried to secure the murderer, as they thought him, from Hyde's staggering at the force of the first blow; and all got away themselves from the scene of action as fast as they could, for fear of being implicated by the police, should any come up.

On looking round for his defender, Hyde ob-

served it was an officer of the navy, who was now returning his sword to its scabbard with much *sang froid.* He immediately recognized him as the polar bear of Long's, as Millefleurs had named him; and was about to utter his thanks, when the bear laid his paw upon Hyde's arm, and hurried him off.

"Are you not——?" Hyde was beginning.

"Yes I am," replied the other; "but no time for words. Hold your tongue, and come with me. *Allons, vîte! vîte!* This is no place for either of us now."

They were quite alone; the others had all fled. The officer seemed to know all the turnings and windings of that part of the town, as well as if he had lived there all his life.

"Where are you taking me?" said Hyde.

"You'll soon see," replied the sailor.

They arrived almost in a run at the stairs, where they halted, out of breath.

A boat was seen approaching.

"That is my boat," said his deliverer; "I or-

dered her to leave the ship at twelve, and she comes just in the right time. I am first-lieutenant of the Arethusa, and mean to take you off to her, where we'll give you a cot for the night, and your breakfast in the morning, and then you may go on shore again;—that is, if you don't like us; if you do, we shall be glad of your company for a week, or longer."

Hyde thanked him profusely, but protested he must return to his hotel, where a friend was anxiously waiting for him.

"Have you got your life insured?" said the officer, "because I wouldn't give sixpence for it, if you are away from this place ten minutes. I know these fellows pretty well, though I have only been a month at Lisbon, and I am sure that rascal or some of his friends will be on the look-out for you still; aye, and me too, for in addition to running him through the arm, I won fifty doubloons from him last week. So if you leave this spot, you must go alone."

Hyde still persisted in returning to Bur-

goyne, whom he could not think of keeping in such suspense as he knew he must suffer on his account.

The boat, however, had now touched the land, and the officer dexterously pushed Nugent into her, money and all, jumping in himself after.

"Shove off, and pull on board," was the order, and in a few minutes they were alongside the Arethusa.

Hyde had seen enough of the character of a sailor while in the Aurora, to make him excuse being thus treated like a child; and he besides thought it would be rather absurd to quarrel with a man for saving his life *malgré lui*.

He slept comfortably on board, and after breakfasting and thanking the man for his kindness and hospitality, landed and rejoined Burgoyne, who, having gone to bed early, and risen late, had only just heard that his friend had been absent all night.

Nugent entered the room laughing, and hold-

ing up his bag of money, prevented the rising anxiety of Burgoyne, whom he found with Bridgewater just sitting down to breakfast. He recounted his last night's adventures, while they were engaged at their repast, and now for the first time observed the desperate cuts through several folds of his cloak, which showed the destructive and determined force with which the blow was given.

"Ah! ha! young man," said Bridgewater, "I think you have had enough of the Portuguese to prevent you from going near any of their gambling shops again. Not quite such safe work as 'looking in at C * * * 's,' eh?"

Hyde said he had got quite enough of their money, and had only been seeing a little "Life in Lisbon."

"I shall not give the gentleman with the knife an opportunity of making work for Stultz," added he.

"You had better take care he does not make work for the surgeon of the Aurora," said the

captain; "or rather, put you beyond the assistance of any one on board but the sail-maker."

The polar officer was invited to meet Bridgewater and some of the Aurora's men at dinner. They were splendidly entertained by Burgoyne and Hyde, and after dinner the polar man gave them an account of the commencement and course of his acquaintance with Adonis Millefleurs. Unlike the generality of the "half-pays" of both services, Mr. Lisle had a very good income, and upon his first introduction to Millefleurs, that gentleman had accompanied him to the gaming-table, where after losing all the money he had about him, he borrowed a considerable sum of the polar man, which he was too modest ever to repay. Lisle was much too high a fellow to ask for it; and in fact, after meeting Millefleurs every day for a month, he was ordered to join a ship, and had never since heard any thing of his money.

Mr. Lisle seemed now nearly to have forgotten all his scientific, mineralogical, and bota-

nical jargon; only once, as the claret took effect, touching upon Molybdæna glauca and dicotyledonous trees.

But the Arethusa's day of sailing now approached very near, and Hyde repaired, on the morning after the dinner, to take leave of Bridgewater on board his own ship.

In the Aurora's cabin, a very tender subject was discussed relative to a certain very pretty young woman, no other than Miss Montague, to whom Hyde was to deliver the captain's picture,—a most interesting commission, and undertaken with great pleasure by our hero.

"Hyde, you are a happy fellow," said Bridgewater, after he had delivered the miniature into his hands; "going to England, where you will see all you love or care about."

"Pardon me, my dear Bridgewater," said Hyde: "not all I care about while I leave you and Burgoyne here."

"I am afraid," continued the captain, "that the season will be over when you get to town,

and there will be no chance, in that case, of your seeing her. Every soul will be in the country. However, at all events, you know what to do with the parcel, and if you *do* meet, tell her you left me well."

"And happy?" said Hyde, smiling.

"Why as you like about that," said Bridgewater. "I do not look very much the reverse, do I? I am indeed rather vexed at being detained here, because it is a thing I so little expected; but I hope we shall soon follow the Arethusa."

"The sooner the better," said Nugent; "but in the mean time I will tell her you are as well as can be expected, considering all things, and that you have sent this *portrait charmant, pour adoucir les ennuis de l'absence.*"

"You will not tell her any thing ridiculous, I hope," said Bridgewater gravely; "or profane her ears with the words of a tune which has been ground to powder upon every organ about London."

"My dear Bridgewater," said Hyde, "do you suppose I was serious? I shall tell her you will be in England in some two or three years."

"Long before that, I trust," replied the captain; "but as to our affairs here, I shall get Burgoyne off from that gloomy hotel of his when you go, and keep him with me as long as I can while we remain at Lisbon. You sail to-morrow, I can tell you."

"So I hear," said Nugent; "and I am delighted that since you *must* remain here, Burgoyne will have some Christian-like soul to speak to. I hope, before he starts for Seville, you will have got him into something like his former tone of spirits."

Bridgewater trusted he should be able to bring about so desirable a change, and the two friends soon after bid each other farewell.

Although our hero's spirits were, as we have observed, much improved since he had extricated himself, or rather been extricated by

fate, from the Adonis society, he had still the weight on his mind of a consciousness of debt, such as he could never pay off in his father's lifetime without a prodigious run of luck; and then what a risk of increasing his losses! One day he hoped Lady Wetherby would prove his friend, and he determined to apply to her, and confess all to his father; the next day he despaired of every thing of the sort. Most bitterly did he repent the first step which had led him into error; which had not only upset all his principles on the score of gaming, but had induced him to use concealment with his father, to run into debt and dissipation, and to become extravagant, and careless of what sums of money he threw away upon what he never derived the least satisfaction from the possession of. A few hundreds more or less could make no difference in so large a sum;—he thought there must come a grand "smash" soon, if something did not turn up, and so on. In short, his state of

mind was by no means to be envied; his only true happiness, perhaps, consisting in his certainty of possessing Georgina's love.

As for Burgoyne, he had sunk again into a hopeless state of apathy. Gloomy, priest-ridden, Catholic Portugal and Spain, with their multitudes of friars, and distracting, eternal bells, were certainly not calculated to raise him from his desponding state.

Nugent, as he took a bitter leave of his friend, tried to console him with the hope of his being soon able to re-appear in England, but the idea of returning to that country, where in so short a space his hopes had blown and been blighted, gave him unspeakable horror, independent of its being the murder scene of Shallowner.

The Arethusa arrived at Spithead after a passage of about the same length as the Aurora had made out; and our hero, notwithstanding a gale of wind which was blowing, and the rain which fell in torrents, after repeating his thanks to Mr. Lisle for his help in time of need at Lisbon, and

begging he would call on his family if he came to town, &c. &c. jumped into a crazy boat, and was landed at Portsmouth, thoroughly soaked with fresh and salt water. He now considered himself quite a sailor, and able to bear every thing of the kind without damage.

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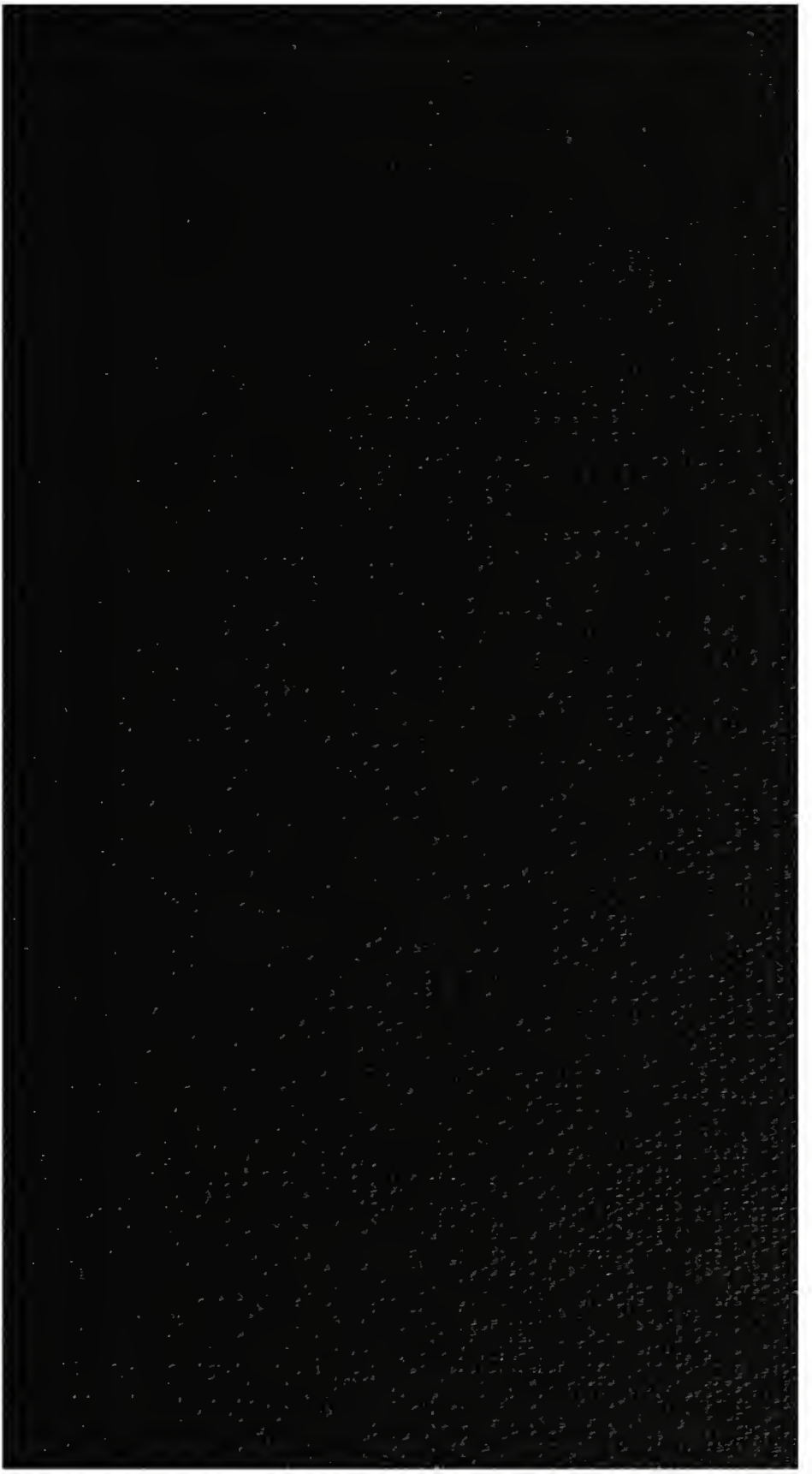
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